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# The Cambridge Historical Society

Cambridge, Mass.,

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## PUBLICATIONS

### I

## PROCEEDINGS

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PROCEEDINGS  
OF  
THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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THE FIRST MEETING

A MEETING of the subscribers to an Agreement of Association,<sup>1</sup> made for the purpose of forming a corporation to be known as THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, was held, upon due notice,<sup>2</sup> on the seventeenth day of June, nineteen hundred and five, at eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Social Union at 42 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. There were present:

EDWARD ABBOTT,  
HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY,  
EDWARD J. BRANDON,  
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,  
ELIZABETH E. DANA,  
RICHARD HENRY DANA,  
JOHN W. FREESE,  
ARTHUR GILMAN,  
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,  
DAVID G. HASKINS, JR.,  
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,  
LEGH R. PEARSON,  
FRANKLIN PERRIN,  
LOUISA C. PERRIN,  
GEORGE S. SAUNDERS,  
STEPHEN P. SHARPLES,  
SUSANNA WILLARD.

RICHARD HENRY DANA was elected Temporary Chairman, and FRANK GAYLORD Cook was elected and duly sworn as Temporary Clerk.

The Temporary Chairman, being empowered to appoint a Committee of three persons to consider and report By-Laws, appointed, as such Committee, EDWARD ABBOTT, EDWARD J. BRANDON, and HOLLIS R. BAILEY. The report of this

<sup>1</sup> For the terms of the Agreement, see p. 94.

<sup>2</sup> For the terms of the Notice, see p. 95.

Committee was received and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following By-Laws were adopted:—

### BY-LAWS<sup>1</sup>

#### I. CORPORATE NAME.

The name of this corporation shall be "THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY."

#### II. OBJECT.

The corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

#### III. REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

Any resident of the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible for regular membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Persons so elected shall become members upon signing the By-Laws and paying the fees therein prescribed.

#### IV. LIMIT OF REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

The regular membership of this Society shall be limited to two hundred.

#### V. HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

Any person, nominated by the Council, may be elected an honorary member at any meeting of the Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Honorary members shall be exempt from paying any fees, shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

#### VI. OFFICERS.

The officers of this corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President,

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<sup>1</sup> For the By-Laws at present in force see p. 99.

three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary with the powers of Clerk, a Treasurer, and a Curator elected out of the Council by the Society. All the above officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

#### VII. DUTY OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-Presidents, respectively, in the order of their election.

#### VIII. DUTY OF SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give to each member of the Society written notice of its meetings. He shall also present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

#### IX. DUTY OF TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the accounts, of the corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it, and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of its funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society a bond, in amount and with sureties, satisfactory to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited prior to the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

#### X. DUTY OF CURATOR.

The Curator shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

#### XI. DUTY OF COUNCIL.

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall arrange for its meetings, and shall present

for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

### XII. MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the last Monday of October in each year. Other meetings shall be held on the last Mondays of January and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.

### XIII. QUORUM.

At meetings of the Society ten members, and at meetings of the Council five members, shall constitute a quorum.

### XIV. FEES.

The fee of initiation shall be one dollar. There shall also be an annual assessment of two dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting.

### XV. RESIGNATION OF MEMBERSHIP.

All resignations of membership must be in writing, provided, however, that failure to pay the annual assessment within six months after the Annual Meeting may, in the discretion of the Council, be considered a resignation of membership.

### XVI. AMENDMENT OF BY-LAWS.

These By-Laws may be amended at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting, provided that the substance of the proposed amendment shall have been inserted in the call for such meeting.

The Temporary Chairman, being empowered to appoint a Committee of three persons to consider and report a list of nominations for the offices prescribed by the By-Laws, appointed as such Committee STEPHEN P. SHARPLES, SUSANNA WILLARD, and HOLLIS R. BAILEY.

The report of this Committee was received and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were then elected by ballot, as the Council of thirteen members having the powers of directors, namely : —

OSCAR F. ALLEN,  
EDWARD J. BRANDON,  
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,  
RICHARD HENRY DANA,  
HENRY HERBERT EDES,  
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,  
ALBERT BUSINELL HART,

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,  
ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,  
WILLIAM C. LANE,  
ALICE M. LONGFELLOW,  
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,  
WILLIAM R. THAYER.

Out of the Council were elected by ballot the following : —

<i>President</i> . . . . .	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i> . . . . .	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE. ARCHIBALD M. HOWE.
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	FRANK GAYLORD COOK.
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	OSCAR F. ALLEN.
<i>Curator</i> . . . . .	WILLIAM R. THAYER.

The Secretary-elect was duly sworn ; and the meeting was dissolved.

THE SECOND MEETING  
BEING THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING

THE SECOND MEETING, being the First Annual Meeting, of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the thirtieth day of October, nineteen hundred and five, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, the President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presiding.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The following persons were chosen a Committee to consider and report a list of nominations for the offices of the Society for the ensuing year: HOLLIS R. BAILEY, ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS, and SUSANNA WILLARD.

The report of this Committee was read and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were elected by ballot for the ensuing year:

*The Council.*

OSCAR F. ALLEN,	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,	ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,	WILLIAM C. LANE,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,	Alice M. LONGFELLOW,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,	ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,	WILLIAM R. THAYER.
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,	

*President . . . . . RICHARD HENRY DANA.*

*Vice-Presidents . . . . .* { THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.  
  ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.  
  ARCHIBALD M. HOWE.

*Secretary . . . . . FRANK GAYLORD COOK.*

*Treasurer . . . . . OSCAR F. ALLEN.*

*Curator . . . . . WILLIAM R. THAYER.*

The Secretary-elect was duly sworn.

Brief reports of progress were made from Special Committees, appointed by the Council, upon the following subjects, and by the following persons:—

*On the Early Roads and Topography of Cambridge.*

STEPHEN P. SHARPLES.

*On the Identification and Marking of Historic Sites in Cambridge.*

HOLLIS R. BAILEY.

*On the Collection of Oral Traditions and of Early Letters and other Documents of Citizens of Cambridge.*

CAROLINE L. PARSONS.

*On Sketches of Noted Citizens of Cambridge.*

MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI.

*On Making a Roll of Historical Documents concerning the Founding and Early Years of Cambridge.*

ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS.

*On a Seal for the Society.*

THE SECRETARY.

## REMINISCENCES OF OLD CAMBRIDGE

BEING IN PART THE REPORT OF AN INFORMAL ADDRESS TO THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 30, 1905.

BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

WHEN the pleasant invitation to speak this evening came to me, I hesitated to accept it, but on reflection, I put doubt aside and welcomed the opportunity to express my piety for my native town, and to say how dear a privilege I count it to have been born in Cambridge and to have spent here much the greater part of my life, and how deeply I reverence the ancestors who have bequeathed to us the blessing of their virtues and the fruits of their labors. Few

towns have had a more notable succession of worthies than Cambridge, and, as a result in large part of the character of these men and women, the story of the town contains the record of many events not merely of local interest, but such as connect it with the history of the country and with the progress of civilization during the last two hundred and fifty years.

Dr. Paige, in his trustworthy "History of Cambridge," says that "for nearly two hundred years after its foundation Cambridge increased very slowly in population and wealth." It was just about two hundred years after the foundation that my recollections of Cambridge begin. I was three years old in 1830, and the town and the townspeople then were in many respects more widely different from what they are to-day than they then were from what they had been during any part of the preceding one hundred and fifty years.

Old Cambridge was still a country village, distinguished from other similar villages mainly by the existence of the College, concerning which Dr. Paige says with dry humor: "The College gave employment to several professors, mechanics, and boarding-house keepers;" and one may add that it separated Old Cambridge, in its social characteristics, from the other sections of the town further than its mere local distance from them would justify. Wide spaces of wood and swamp and pasture divided Lechmere Point, as East Cambridge was then termed, from Cambridgeport, and parted both of them from Old Cambridge,—and this physical separation was a type of the wider division of interests and associations.

So great are the changes in the town since my childhood that the aspects and conditions of those days seem more than a lifetime away. I have the happiness of passing my old age in the house in which I was born. It has always been my home; but when I was a boy, it was in the country—now it is suburban and in the heart of a city. Kirkland Street was a country road with not a single house on its southern side, but with a wide stretch quite over to Harvard Street of marsh land and huckleberry pasture, with channels running through the thick growth of shrubs, often frozen in the winter, and on which we boys used to skate over the very site of the building in which we have met to-night. Down as far as to Inman Square the region was solitary, while beyond Inman Square,

toward Boston, was an extensive wood of pines with a dense under-brush, the haunt, as we boys used to believe, of gamblers and other bad characters from the neighboring city, and to be swiftly hurried by if nightfall caught us near it. The whole region round my father's house was, indeed, so thinly settled that it preserved its original rural character. It was rich in wild growth, and well known to botanists as the habitat of many rare wild-flowers; the marshes were fragrant in spring with the azalia and the clethra; and through spring, summer, and autumn there was a profuse procession of the familiar flowers of New England. It was a favorite resort of birds, but there is now little left of it fit for their homes, though many of them still revisit in their migrations the noisy locality where their predecessors enjoyed a peaceful and retired abode.

But even a greater change than that from country village to suburban town has taken place here in Old Cambridge in the last seventy years. The people have changed. In my boyhood the population was practically all of New England origin, and in large proportion Cambridge-born, and inheritors of Old Cambridge traditions. The fruitful invasion of barbarians had not begun. The foreign-born people could be counted up on the fingers. There was Rule, the excellent Scotch gardener, who was not without points of resemblance to Andrew Fairservice; there was Sweetman, the one Irish day-laborer, faithful and intelligent, trained as a boy in one of the "hedge-schools" of his native Ireland, and ready to lean on his spade and put the troublesome schoolboy to a test on the Odes of Horace, or even on the *Arma virumque cano*; and at the heart of the village was the hair-cutter Marcus Reamie, from some unknown foreign land, with his shop full, in a boy's eyes, of treasures, some of his own collecting, some of them brought from distant romantic parts of the world by his sailor son. There were doubtless other foreigners, but I do not recall them, except a few teachers of languages in the College, of whom three filled in these and later years an important place in the life of the town,—Dr. Beck, Dr. Follen, and Mr. Sales. But the intermixture of foreign elements was so small as not to affect the character of the town; in fact, everybody knew not only everybody else in person, but also much of everybody's tradition, connections, and mode of life. It has been a pathetic experience for me to live all my life in one community and to find myself gradually becoming a stranger to it, and

with good but new neighbors, some of whom do not know that I am not as recent a comer to the town as themselves.

I have the pleasure of seeing before me an old friend, one of the most honored sons of Cambridge. He and I are now two of the oldest of the native-born inhabitants of the town. We were born, respectively, at the opposite ends of what is now Kirkland Street, and was then known by the more characteristic name of Professors' Row. The pleasant house in which Colonel Higginson was born still stands, — the last in the row toward Harvard Square, facing the Delta and the Yard. Between the house of Colonel Higginson's father and that of my father, when the Colonel and I were little boys, there were but four houses on Professors' Row, each of them occupied by a professor, the last toward my father's house being that on the corner of Divinity Avenue, lately occupied by Mr. Houghton, then by the Rev. Dr. Henry Ware, Sr., a venerable man, whose numerous descendants give evidence that among them the doctrine of original sin finds no support. Professors' Row, or Kirkland Street, was a part of what was known as the Old Charlestown Road, — the oldest and most interesting road in the Commonwealth. When Winthrop's company of immigrants arrived in 1630, and part of it settled at Charlestown, and part went up the river, to make their new home at a place on its bank which they called Watertown, in order to establish communication between the two settlements a path was cut through the five or six miles of woods which lay between them. By degrees, as the country became peopled, this path became an open road, and to distinguish it from other thoroughfares it was called "the Old Charlestown Road." If the names of the people who have travelled over it were written out, the record would be a list of the chief worthies of the Commonwealth from its beginning to the present day, at first on foot or on horseback, or with ox-teams, later in one-horse chaises, and later still in the chariots of governors or notables who had established their homes along that part of the line which we know as Brattle Street. Few feet have travelled the Kirkland Street part of the road oftener than mine, and many an otherwise dull and commonplace walk has had its dulness relieved by the silent and invisible companionship of some one of these old travellers.

Professors' Row would deserve fame even if the record of emi-

nent men and women who have lived for a longer or shorter time upon it extended no farther back than my own memory, for it would include two Henry Wares, three Presidents of the University (Sparks, Felton, and Eliot), many distinguished professors, among them that admirable scholar and delightful man, my classmate and dear friend, Francis James Child. A little earlier than he was Longfellow, who on his first coming to Cambridge, in 1836, took rooms in the house of Professor Stearns, which has only lately been moved to give place to the New Lecture hall. That large, square, three-story house afforded several suites of pleasant rooms, and has probably been the home for a time of more men whose names are well known in the annals of the College and the Commonwealth than any other in Cambridge. My earliest recollections of Mr. Longfellow are of the time when he was living there, and nothing but my later recollections of him could be pleasanter than those which I have of his kindness,—he a man of thirty to a boy of eight or ten years old. I still preserve among my treasures gifts he made me in those days for the enrichment of my little museum,—precious objects which he had brought home from Europe, the most interesting of all of them, perhaps, being a seventeenth century medal of the three kings of Cologne, whose legend and names are familiar to the readers of his “Golden Legend.”

Twenty years later (Oxford Street had been laid out meanwhile) Lowell took up his abode in the next house to the west, then owned and occupied by his brother-in-law, Dr. Estes Howe, now occupied by Professor Peabody; and here he lived for four or five years. Kirkland Street grew to know him well. No one ever loved his native town better than he, or was more familiar with it; and when I recall the innumerable walks we had together for many and many a year, not only when he was resident at Dr. Howe's, but during the longer period when his home was at Elmwood, one of the tenderest stanzas that Cowley wrote comes into my mind as curiously appropriate to them, alike in word and in sentiment:—

“ Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say  
Have ye not seen us walking every day ?  
Was there a tree about which did not know  
The love betwixt us two ? ”

The fields, alas, grow scantier and scantier. In my boyhood, the whole space between Elmwood and the old Brattle House, now standing squeezed and rather disconsolate at the corner of Brattle and Hawthorn streets, was open field, mainly pasture-land, while on the other end of the way between Elmwood and Shady Hill, almost the whole space between Divinity Avenue and the Middlesex Turnpike, which ran behind my father's house, was similar open ground, stretching, wood and swamp, sandpit and field, along both sides of the willow-bordered Turnpike, far up, nearly to the then noted Porter's Tavern, which gave its name in later days to Porter's, or North Cambridge, Station.

But I must return to Professors' Row, in order to speak of the occupants of the house next on the east to that of Professor Stearns, — the home of Professor and Mrs. John Farrar. The house has recently come into the possession of the University, and has been this very year transformed and improved by changes made in it. But in the transformation it has lost the historic and quaintly monumental character given to it by its lofty wooden columns, so that the ghosts of its former occupants, should they pass along this way, might gaze with some bewilderment on its changed appearance. Professor Farrar was a noted mathematician in his day, a kindly, good man, but socially a less considerable person than his wife, Mrs. Eliza Farrar, who was a figure of real importance in the Cambridge circle for more than thirty years. Mrs. Farrar was a daughter of Mr. Benjamin Rotch of New Bedford. Soon after his marriage her father had gone to England and established himself there in good business and pleasant social relations, and there her childhood and youth were passed. She was essentially of English breeding and an excellent representative of the cultivated and intelligent women, English or American, of the first half of the last century. I might describe her to one of my own generation as being like what one might imagine the mother of Harry and Lucy to have been; but I fear the actual generation is not so familiarly acquainted with Miss Edgeworth's admirable characters as to know for what their names stand. It is for something very good at its time, but which, at least in America, has almost disappeared. In such a woman as Mrs. Farrar it might perhaps be defined as a mingling of English Utilitarianism and American Unitarianism, with an English tradition of good manners and an

American freedom from purely conventional standards. Having no Harry or Lucy of her own to bring up, she turned her gifts to the service of the children of the community. She wrote a volume which I remember as of absorbing interest for those for whom it was intended called "The Child's Robinson Crusoe;" another of her excellent books was "The Youths' Letter-Writer," and another still, "The Young Ladies' Friend," full of good sense and plain counsel, each of which would be as useful to the present generation of girl-undergraduates as it was to their grandmothers, for whom the doors of the home had not been opened that they might go forth for good or for ill to seek entrance into the Women's College.

Another professor's wife with literary gifts and of motherly warmth of heart was the American wife of the excellent Dr. Follen, who, coming to Harvard from his native Germany, in 1825, not only quickened by his ardent enthusiasm zeal for the study of the German language and literature, but roused interest in gymnastics, and was instrumental in introducing the intelligent practice of them after the German method among the students of the College. The Delta, then an unoccupied field, was the exercise ground, and bars and poles and other gymnastic apparatus were erected upon it, remnants of which existed for many years. Mrs. Follen was a writer of charming verses for the nursery and of pleasant stories for elder children, one of which, called "The Well-Spent Hour," was a great favorite.

Other ladies belonging to the same social circle, as the two I have mentioned, possessed similar cultivation and literary taste, and made part of the group of men and women around the College which formed a society of exceptional pleasantness and of pure New England type. Few artificial distinctions existed in it; but the progress of democracy had not swept away the natural distinctions of good breeding and superior culture. The best traditions of the older days of New England were still maintained, and formed a common background of association and of mutual understanding. Its informing spirit was liberal and cheerful; there was general contentment and satisfaction with things as they were; there was much hopefulness and confidence that in the New World, in New England at least, men had entered not merely upon a land of promise, but one in which the promise was already in considerable measure fulfilled. There were evils, no doubt, but

they were not threatening of disaster. The most perplexing problems of society seemed to be in large measure solved; the future, though not absolutely cloudless, wore, for the most part, a fair aspect.

A broad statement of conditions such as this requires modifications to make it correct in particulars; but it at least indicates the prevailing temper of the time as it was manifest in the little circle of Old Cambridge society. The change was soon to come, but in the days of which I am speaking, there was simplicity of life in its best sense. The households were homes of thrift without parsimony, of hospitality without extravagance, of culture without pretence. The influence of the College gave to the society a bookish turn, and there was much reading,—much more of the reading which nourishes the intelligence than in these days of newspapers, magazines, and cheap novels. Everybody in the Cambridge circle was interested, for instance, in the quarterly numbers of the *North American Review*, each of which was likely to contain more than one article by a friend or neighbor. The standard of literary judgment set up in England was generally respected, and the *Edinburgh Review* was hardly less commonly read than the *North American*, and its verdicts were even more readily accepted.

Pleasant and cultivated as was the little circle of Cambridge society, it did not escape the defects incident to its conditions of comparative isolation. The neighborhood of Boston was, indeed, of advantage to it, for though the animating spirit of the little city was in many respects still characteristically provincial, yet its varied interests and active intelligence exercised a generally liberalizing influence. At the time of which I am speaking, the relations of city and College had become more intimate than ever through the election to the presidency of the College of Josiah Quincy, who had just rounded out by a term of five years as Mayor of Boston a long and distinguished career of public service. He was, in truth, as Mr. Lowell termed him, "a great public character," and he had the aspect of one—he stood erect, a fine, commanding figure of six feet of vigorous manhood. He possessed the bearing which we attribute to the gentlemen of distinction of the early days of the Republic, a bearing of dignity, combined with scrupulous courtesy. He and his admirable wife occupied the first place in the little world of Old Cambridge, and kept it in touch with the

bigger world of Boston, for, in becoming President of Harvard, Mr. Quincy did not give up all business in the city, whose affairs he had administered so well. It was his habit to drive himself to town in his high-hung chaise, and, after attending to business there, to drive out in time for dinner at two or three o'clock. Often he held the reins loose, and closing his eyes, let his steady horse, unguided, bring him out along the comparatively little frequented road. After passing the old West Boston toll-bridge, which Longfellow has eternized in his lovely little poem, "The Bridge," and getting beyond the few brick houses at its hither end, there was a bleak, solitary stretch across the salt marshes before one reached the thickly settled centre of Cambridgeport, with its numerous big taverns and great, square stores mainly filled with country produce and West India goods. On the outskirts toward Old Cambridge stood the fine old Inman house with its long, elm-bordered avenue stretching back as far as to the Middlesex Turnpike at the point which we now know as Inman Square. After passing this house there was a half-mile of road, with hardly a house on either side, till you came to the mansion of Judge Dana, which, set on a terrace, crowned the height, far higher than now, of Dana Hill. Beyond this was a short, solitary strip of road through rough pastures on either hand, as far as the Bishop's house, which stood where it still stands on the left, with the Old Parsonage facing it on the right hand, and then, passing on the same side the famous old Wigglesworth house, you came to the President's house at the very entrance to Harvard Square, or, as it was then called, the Market-place,—plainly, the whole way was a tolerably safe road for a trustworthy horse to travel without much guidance from his master's hand.

The President's house, known now as Wadsworth house, and so named after its first occupant, President Wadsworth (from 1725 to 1736), is little changed in outer aspect, save by the deplorable cutting off in recent years of the lilac-filled front courtyard which separated it from the narrow street. At the back it had a pleasant garden, surrounded by a high board fence, stretching into the present College Yard so far as to include a part, at least, of the site of Gray's Hall. The President's office was in the upper story of the annex to the main house, still standing but moved from its original position.

The relations of President Quincy to the students through his whole administration, 1829 to 1845, were excellent. The number of undergraduates was still small enough to admit of his having some personal acquaintance with most of them. The *esprit de corps* was strong in the College, and the President's relations to the students were much like that of a colonel to the men of his regiment who feel that, though he commands them, he is still one with them in interest and in sympathy. President Quincy was wise enough to be patient with the students' faults, and had humor enough to smile at their follies. They regarded him with a respect which his force of character and his distinguished career and personal bearing naturally inspired, together with a certain affectionate pride as the worthy head and representative of the famous institution in whose honor they themselves had share. More still, he interested them as a personage already vested with historic dignity,—he connected the modern time with the heroic past, he had been born four years prior to the Declaration of Independence; in his youth he had known the great men of the great time, and while alike in principles and in manners he maintained the traditions of that period, he kept abreast of the conditions of the later day. He often put the shy student at his ease by saying to him, "I knew your grandfather, sir, and I am happy now to know you." His numerous cares and many avocations did not interfere with his sympathy in small matters, nor with his kindly thoughtfulness for the petty interests of "his boys." I had an experience of this, so characteristic and so pleasant that I am led to tell it, though it relates to myself.

During my freshman year, I was obliged to be absent from College for two or three months, owing to trouble in my eyes. I returned to my class at the beginning of the sophomore year, but the absence had deprived me of the hope of receiving a Detur,—that is, one of the books given out in the autumn to such students as have done well during their first year. It was a disappointment, for the Detur, in its handsome binding, bearing the College seal, is a coveted prize. On the morning after the Deturs had been given out, the freshman who served the President as his messenger came to my room with word that the President wished to see me at his office. Even to the most exemplary of students, such a summons is not altogether welcome, for "use every one after his desert and

who should 'scape whipping?" I went accordingly with some trembling, knocked, entered, and was received with the President's usual slightly gruff salutation, "Well, Sir, what's your name?" Then, as he looked up and saw who it was, "Ah, yes, Norton. Well, I sent for you, Norton, because I was sorry that under the rules I could not present you yesterday with a Detur. It was not your fault, and so, as a token of my personal approbation, I have got a book for you which may perhaps take the place of the Detur," — and he handed me a prettily bound copy of Campbell's Poems in which he had written his name and my own with a few pleasant words of approval. I have received many gifts in my long life, but hardly one which aroused a stronger sense of personal gratitude to the giver, or which has afforded me more pleasure. It was no wonder that President Quincy established a firm hold upon the affection as well as the respect of the students.

Harvard Square, on the edge of which stands Wadsworth house, had not received its present appellation in President Quincy's day. It was known then as the Market-place. Here was the general market of country produce, especially of wood and hay, loads of which drawn by oxen were brought in almost every morning for the village supply, taking their stand under one of the two noble elms which gave their beauty to the Square. The market proper was a small building near the middle of the Square, but I have no recollection of it; and in my early days the meat market, or butcher's shop, was in the basement of the old Court House which stood till 1840 on the site since then occupied by Lyceum Hall, and, so far as dignity of design and picturesqueness of effect are concerned, was vastly superior to the ugly building that usurped its place. Indeed, Harvard Square is far inferior in pleasantness of aspect to the village Market-place which it has superseded.

Here was the centre of the active life of the village. Where the car station is now was Willard's Tavern, in front of which the primitive omnibus awaited passengers before starting on its journey, then an hour in length, to Boston. I do not recall when the trips began to be made hourly, but I think there were only four round trips the day at the earliest of my recollections. The road during the winter and spring was apt to be very heavy, with frequent mud holes into which the wheels might easily sink to their hubs. Scarcely any of the residents in Cambridge carried on business in

Boston or had daily employment there. An occasional trip to the city was all that was needed by Deacon Farwell to keep up the stock of goods in his excellent dry-goods shop, at the corner of the Market-place, and the road to Brighton; nor was Deacon Brown compelled to go often to Boston by the requirements of his old-fashioned store of West India goods and groceries, at the corner of Dunster Street. Hilliard and Gray, the University booksellers and publishers, occupied the corner store on Holyoke Street in the brick block which had recently been erected, and next them was the post-office, with a postmaster whose first commission dated back to the first administration of Washington. A little way down Holyoke Street, on the western side, stood the University Press, then, or soon after, under the management of the cultivated gentleman and scholar, Charles Folsom, whose admirable taste controlled the issues of the Press and secured for them a high reputation.

The stores I have mentioned, with a few others of hardly less note, and some pleasant small shops kept by women, supplied most of the modest wants of the village, and with the strong attraction of the post-office and, perhaps to not a few, the still stronger attraction of Willard's bar-room, drew almost everybody on every week day to the Square. Here one would meet most of those village and College characters whom Mr. Lowell has commemorated so delightfully in his "*Cambridge Thirty Years Ago*." Fifty years have passed since that admirable essay was written. Even then, the original Old Cambridge had almost vanished, and now not one of those characters to whom it gave happy literary immortality survives in the flesh. The last to go was that sweet humorist, John Holmes; and with him the last light of the real Old Cambridge was extinguished. The village traditions, all of which he had inherited and improved, ceased with him;—so long as he lived, the legends of two hundred years still survived as if contemporary stories: with his death, many an Old Cambridge ghost, whom he had tenderly cherished, was laid away, never again to be summoned from its dim abode. No son of hers was more loyal to Old Cambridge than he, and it would have pleased him to be assured that his memory would become, as I believe it has become, part of the cherished tradition of his native town.

The Old Cambridge of to-day is a new Cambridge to us of the elder generation; and I can form no better wish for its children

than that they may have as good reason to love and to honor their native city as we of the old time had for loving our native village.

**At the conclusion of Professor Norton's address, the meeting was dissolved.**

### THE THIRD MEETING

THE THIRD MEETING — a Special Meeting called by the President in place of the stated winter meeting — of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, was held the twenty-first day of December, nineteen hundred and five, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the purpose of celebrating the Two Hundred and Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Founding of Cambridge.

The President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presided, and the meeting was open to the public.

Many invited guests were present, including members of the City Government, the School Committee, and the Principals of the Public Schools of the City of Cambridge, Presidents of Historical and other Societies, former Mayors of Cambridge, and chief Executive Officers of neighboring cities and towns.

The printed Programme was as follows : —

#### PROGRAMME.

PRAYER . . . . .	REV. SAMUEL M. CROTHERS, D.D. <i>Minister of the First Church in Cambridge (Unitarian).</i>
OPENING ADDRESS . . . . .	RICHARD HENRY DANA, Esq. <i>President of The Cambridge Historical Society.</i>
RESPONSE FOR THE COMMONWEALTH . . . . .	HON. HERBERT PARKER. <i>Attorney General of Massachusetts.</i>
RESPONSE FOR THE CITY . . . . .	HON. AUGUSTINE J. DALY. <i>Mayor of Cambridge.</i>

MUSIC . . . . . CHORUS FROM THE CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Festival Hymn . . . . . Buck { *Accompanied by The Orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School.*  
From Thy Love as a Father . . . .  
From "The Redemption" Gounod

RESPONSE FOR THE FIRST CHURCH

IN CAMBRIDGE . . . . . REV. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D.D.  
*Minister of the First Church in Cambridge (Congregational).*

RESPONSE FOR HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRES. CHARLES W. ELIOT, LL.D.

POEM (written for the occasion) . . . MR. WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

ADDRESS . . . . . COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

### OPENING ADDRESS OF RICHARD HENRY DANA

MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

We have met to celebrate the 275th anniversary of the founding of Cambridge. It has been facetiously said that Boston is a suburb of Cambridge, and Boston, as we all know, is the hub of the universe. Perhaps there is a little foundation for that facetious remark in history, for it was first intended that Cambridge should be the capital of the new Commonwealth, and for three years the government sat at Cambridge, out of the first seven years of the colony; and you remember, of course, that during the siege of Boston, Cambridge again had a similar honor. There are, I think, some other respects in which she can claim a conspicuous part in the things of real importance in our nation.

Going through the streets of Cambridge on a summer's day, one is struck with the number of people that are walking about who do not live here. What are they here for? They are here for the historical sights and the literary associations of the City of Cambridge. Cambridge is particularly rich in these things,—things that count for something. They count for so much that I believe Cambridge may claim a very conspicuous position not only in this Commonwealth, but in the whole country; and if we claim in the field of literature not only those who have chiefly written in Cambridge, but those who were born and educated here and afterwards lived in the adjoining suburb of Boston, we begin to see that Cambridge is justly called the literary metropolis.

And yet, with all this richness of literary and historical subjects and associations within the domain of Cambridge, how strange it is that we have never had, except for a fleeting moment, an historical society. Now we have started one. We are a little late. We have lost some of the sources of information, I am sorry to say, but we expect with industry to gather together all that can be had, and future generations will thank us for what we shall have done.

Now, as to the work of this society, I hope we shall do something more than the mere locating of the palisade, or the finding where the first president's house was, or the exact location of this, that, or the other house or street. Those are all valuable, but why? Because they are connected with people of character. Now, I should like to see our historical society take a deep interest in the character of our ancestors. At one time it was common to laud to the skies the virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers. I am rather sorry to see, creeping into the historical pamphlets, a habit of criticism of their failings and faults. They doubtless had those; they had the failings of their own virtues; but let us remember that a good many things that we criticise them for were the common faults of those days all over the world, and our ancestors had them in less degree than many others. But, after all, if we can only copy their virtues I think we shall do well. I think we need them to-day, — the truth, the courage, the uprightness, the manliness, and the high aspiration; and then, if we will make up for their deficiencies, if we will add to their virtues everything we think they may have lacked, such as a good sense of humor, friendliness, consideration for others, and more charity of judgment, then Cambridge may again be the metropolis in the realm of great ideals. Already it seems to me we have in Cambridge something for which we may well be proud, and that is the simplicity of life which we see all around us. We owe it probably largely to the University, that appreciation of the things that are worth having, — the intellectual endowments, music, literature, and art, the kindly neighborly feeling; and when we think how this country is growing in material things, how people surround themselves with larger and larger houses and more and more comforts, until at last the things, as Emerson says, "mount the saddle and ride mankind," it seems to me that it is well for Cambridge — just as she sent out from

here the soldiers that went to Bunker Hill; just as she sent out the first company of the first regiment in the Civil War; and just as she has sent out many of the great ideas that have taken hold of the community,—now to send forth that idea of plain living and high thinking for which she is so justly noted.

It is something that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has always taken a deep interest in Cambridge; has always had something to do with Harvard University, and Harvard University is Cambridge. The Commonwealth had for a long time, as you know, a part in the government of the College. That has now passed, but she has never ceased to take an interest in it, and I don't believe any of us would think that we had got our College degree if the Lancers did not escort the Governor out to Commencement. It is unfortunate that the Governor cannot represent the Commonwealth to-night, but we have somebody who well represents the good name of this old State. It is something that we have an attorney general who maintains the highest and best traditions of the bar, who can try a *cause célèbre* with justness and fairness, not turning the public prosecutor into a public persecutor, who, by his conduct of his great office receives the applause of all wise and just thinkers, and especially of those who are expert, viz., the members of the bar. We have him here to-night, and I therefore take great pleasure in introducing to you the Hon. HERBERT PARKER, the Attorney General, to reply for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

### ADDRESS OF HERBERT PARKER

MR. CHAIRMAN, PRESIDENT ELIOT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

GRATEFULLY I appreciate your courtesy that gives me opportunity to share with you in this dignified, inspiring, and instructive occasion. Years past I came to Cambridge to seek the truth, and all that I have discovered had its source here. I come again to-night to discover that the truth again confronts me here, not in the over-courteous, gracious words of your dignified presiding officer, but through the frank speech of the analyst and annotator of our time, the newspaper writer. You may think I am unduly

elated, my friends, because now, for the first time, I rise to the Olympian heights of this platform, to which heretofore I had only gazed with uplifted eye. But I speak to you in chastened spirit and in all humility.

Mr. President, though you be the presiding officer of a historical society, though I gratefully appreciate your kindly words, take lesson from the stern candor of this newspaper writer and be severe and accurate in your speech rather than enthusiastic in your hospitality, which is part of your kindly nature.

This historian of the newspaper, in one of the journals the other day, forecast this occasion — a friend has sent me the article, for there are always friends who send one this kind of communication. Very justly the writer has said that Cambridge had no occasion to go outside of her own borders for men of eloquence, of learning, and of distinction; I will read the words of the article: "The ancient city has not been obliged to go abroad for eloquent and distinguished speakers, the only exception being the attorney general." And so, having read you the observations of my friends the journalists, I now proceed to verify the exception of which this article gave you notice.

I have come down to-day from a remote country town west of you, but not wholly dissociated from this City of Cambridge and its early history; it is matter of no small pride to me, Mr. President, that two hundred and fifty years ago, in spite of all the then attractions and uplifting associations that obtained here in Cambridge, there were wise and discreet men who, leaving their dwelling places by the Charles, went westward to the meadows of the Nashua, and in 1650, Sergeant Phillips, here in the even then classic shades of the College, and speaking of what is now my own loved town of Lancaster, and of the particularly beautiful fertile valleys of the then Pennacook River, said, even to Cambridge men, that this new country was "a place desirable as any in the land." And from thenceforward there has been a more or less constant emigration from Cambridge to Lancaster.

We, in turn, claim as your Chairman has claimed in regard to Boston, that the great City of Cambridge is but a suburb of our town, and, indulging in a bit more of historical recollection and reflection, — I ask you to pardon my boasting of my own community, for boastfulness with regard to one's own loved habita-

tion, one's own fields and friends, is, after all, the very reflection of ardent patriotism, — it is claimed, rightfully claimed, that Cambridge is an ancient and distinguished shire town ; here sit the learned justices, and here all the formalities of the administration of a just and upright law are made manifest to the community ; but Lancaster,— we have no historical society to preserve the incidents of our past, and so we have to tell of them ourselves, and preserve by tradition facts otherwise unrecorded. It is related that in the ancient days Lancaster, too, might have been a shire town, but the town fathers met and reflected upon an issue so momentous to the people, and like all wise men and fathers, they consulted the town mothers upon the question of the morality and expediency of the plan ; and it was unanimously decided that all the probable glories of a shire town, with its impressive court-house and its assembling of the ministers of the law, were to be ignored and disclaimed ; for they said, "that while the courts will bring us dignity, prestige, and importance in the State, they will also bring us litigious crowds. Where there are sheriffs there will also be bailiffs, gamesters, and horse-races ; that where there are lawyers, there are unscrupulous and immoral clients, and these will tend to tempt the youth from the virtues of the simple rural life." So metropolitan ambition yielded to rustic isolation, and we have had no court in Lancaster, but have adjudged our own controversies, man to man, upon the rights that the moral law has fixed for us ; and therefore you shall see in the town of Lancaster the administration of the very spirit of the fathers, the very manifestation of the fundamental law of free, self-respecting, self-governing men, in the preservation of the town meeting in all its original untainted virtue to-day. So we have escaped the cares, trials, and complexities that attend the development and growth of any city.

But now you will inquire, very properly, Why is this guest whom we have invited to come here to speak of the glories of Cambridge indulging in boastful praises of his own town ? But I intended only to remind you that Lancaster is the offspring of Cambridge and her virtues are those of inheritance. I come down again, back with Sergeant Phillips from the happy valleys of Lancaster to the shades, classic and inspiring as they are, of Cambridge, as a child returning to the home of his fathers.

I had almost been misled by an assumed anachronism to-night,

because not having read your invitation properly, I had come believing that this was the 275th anniversary of the historical society of Cambridge. But when I looked about me I could not have believed this was so, for I observed no evidence of such antiquity before me, nor can I believe, as I am told, that your society is in its infancy unless I believe that here, as it well may be, the classic myth is realized, and, like Minerva, you have attained full maturity at your birth.

But here is no occasion, with your Chairman, to regret that this organization has not been of longer corporate existence, for I speak the truth to you when I say that Cambridge, of all communities within this broad land of ours, has least needed a formal organization like this; for true it is that every son and daughter of Massachusetts, every son and daughter of this great nation of ours, who knows and reveres the history of New England and of Cambridge, has been himself and herself a self-constituted member of the Cambridge Historical Society, preserving its traditions, holding the ideals of the fathers before us, keeping in their own hearts and in their own memories all that any historical society can treasure and record.

And yet, it is well that this organization has been founded. It is well for you, it is well for this great Commonwealth; for the historical societies are, in a way, like the Vestal Virgins, who keep constantly alight upon the altars of our history and of our patriotism the spirit through which the nation must live. Guardians of this sacred inheritance are the members of this society; noble charge committed to them, and committed to safe and trustworthy hands!

We are wont to hear our friends from greater industrial communities than this boast that the real activities of the nation are those that they foster and which they advance; that the great pathways of commercialism have passed us by and gone elsewhere. And it may be true, in a measure. They say we are a provincial people, and so we are, and I, for one, am proud of it; for our provincialism consists chiefly in the belief that the inheritance that we have is as noble as that of any man or woman of any time. And though it be said that we are not to-day advancing in the very forefront of the most eager material or industrial activities of this fervent time in which we live, it is certain that the torch of faith and learning that

lighted the dawn of our national life still blazes here, lighting new hopes and aspirations everywhere between the borders of the great oceans that define our shores. The fires we guard were enkindled on the altar of the fathers in this New England of ours, — we are its custodians to-day. To these sanctuaries return the sons and daughters and the remote descendants of Pilgrim and Puritan, to light again the torch of memory and of hope at this celestial fire. We of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, standing on, preserving, and holding the very soil upon which Pilgrim and Puritan landed, the very seed-ground of the genius and hope of our nation, have a sacred trust committed to us; and it is well that realizing this, learned, patriotic men of your town, and women as well, have joined in this association to keep ever alive that which is the best and highest inspiration of a people, — the recollection of the glory, the courage, the faith, the hope, and the patriotism of their own fathers, founders of the State and of the Republic.

**THE CHAIRMAN:** Next on our programme comes The City of Cambridge, — dear old Cambridge, — not dear Old Cambridge, but dear, old, Cambridge. We had expected to have our present Mayor, Hon. Augustine J. Daly, to reply for the city, one who has had two years of a most useful and courteous and able administration, who has handled some of the most difficult questions to the great advantage of the city; but unfortunately he is detained in the western part of the State, and by some accident we did not receive this news until this afternoon; and I thought I should have to say of Cambridge, "There she stands; she needs no encomium; she speaks for herself." But somehow or other in Cambridge we always are able to find some one who can and will stand in the breach. It is a good quality. We have many able, public-spirited men in Cambridge to-day; and because we have been able to put our finger on one of them even at this eleventh hour we still have somebody to speak for the City of Cambridge. Allow me but one word on the University and the Town. In our city there is no "town"

and "gown"; it is all one. With what patience and complacency has many a citizen contemplated the taking his gate off its hinges and turning it into a neighbor's yard. How many a tradesman of this city has quietly entered as the ordinary expenses of his business, as wear and tear, the new signs which he has to purchase several times in the course of the twelve months. After all, Cambridge is proud of the University, and I think not only because we owe it so much just as a great institution, but because of the good judgment and the fine inspiration of its men who have lived and still live among us as our neighbors and as our citizens.

For Cambridge to-night we shall have the pleasure of hearing Mr. GEORGE A. GILES, President of the Common Council of the City of Cambridge.

#### ADDRESS OF GEORGE A. GILES

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

IT is distressing enough for a poor, humble, innocent member of an insignificant, criticised Common Council to be asked to face this intelligent audience without being asked to follow such a talented speaker as our Attorney General. It is indeed, however, an honor to represent a city like dear old Cambridge in any official capacity at any public gathering,—any worthy public gathering,—and it is an honor to be privileged to speak on such an occasion for one who has come to be known as a most efficient, painstaking, conscientious, and faithful public servant as has his Honor, Mayor Daly. It is because of this that I am here, and because I believe it is the duty of every citizen — every good citizen — to do his or her part, whether it be little or much, towards encouraging, towards promoting, any movement which will perpetuate any organization or institution which tends to cultivate civic pride and civic patriotism.

Cambridge, you all know, is no mean city. Cambridge is a well-governed city; she is proud of her sons; she is proud of her institutions; she is proud of her University; it is the greatest uni-

versity in these United States. She has a right to be proud of her history. No more fitting spot, no more appropriate city could be selected by any body of men for the organization of a historical society than the City of Cambridge; and I believe it eminently proper, Mr. President, on behalf of the Chief Executive of this city, to tender to this organization,—to this body of men who have organized and who make up **THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY**,—an expression of appreciation for its existence. For by it occasions like these are made possible in which we may celebrate our city's history.

I bespeak, therefore, for the society the hearty co-operation of every public-spirited citizen in our city, and I bespeak the hearty co-operation of every incoming city government. Future generations will find occasion to thank **THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY** for handing down to posterity the glory and honor and fame and history of our own city. Cambridge says to this society, Godspeed in your efforts.

**THE CHAIRMAN:** The schools have always stood as an important part of our community from the very foundation of our government, and the schools of Cambridge have not failed us now. They have nobly responded to the interest which has been shown in them. It has been arranged by the school board that addresses be given to-day in all the public schools of Cambridge, and not only the public schools, but the parochial schools also have had addresses on our early history. In addition to this there have been studies in this particular regard, this historical respect, and the Cambridge Public Library has had a bulletin issued, giving the chief books on all the subjects which relate to the early history of Cambridge, and those have been largely taken advantage of. It is quite interesting to hear that two hundred pupils of the schools have been in the Cambridge Public Library calling for books on the early history of our city. In addition to these things they have been training a chorus for this occasion, and, as you see, the orchestra of the

Cambridge Public Latin School will accompany them. This orchestra has already played for us. We are now to have an interlude of music from the public school chorus, with the Latin School orchestra.

A selected chorus from the Cambridge public schools, accompanied by the orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School, then rendered the selections set forth on the printed programme.

**THE CHAIRMAN:** The Puritan fathers came not to found a government, but a theocracy; and the great man of the community was the pastor. When it was questioned where Harvard College, as it afterwards came to be called, should be placed, it was suggested that it had better be at Salem, and various other locations were considered. The thing which decided them that it should come to "New Town" was because a distinguished clergyman, Mr. Shepard, was in New Town, and it was for the purpose of being under his influence and hearing his sermons that the college was founded here, which afterwards gave New Town the name of Cambridge. We have with us now in Cambridge two churches representing the Shepard Church, one the legal, and the other one, it is claimed, the spiritual successor of the original. They are both spiritual successors, but one in creed and in doctrine more closely than the other. We have with us to-night the pastor representing the successor in doctrine, and he will reply for the First Church in Cambridge, and, inclusively, for all the churches of Cambridge; a man who has for very nearly forty years held the pastorate of the Shepard Memorial Church, and who has devoted his time and his energies to all that is best in the community, a man who has broad interests, who for a long time was the secretary of the Board of Overseers of Harvard and a man who is always willing to give his great talents and deep thought for every

important cause, from philanthropy to politics ; and to-night he is going to speak to us, and to the City of Cambridge, and to our Historical Society, for the First Church in Cambridge — Dr. McKENZIE.

#### ADDRESS OF ALEXANDER McKENZIE

ON February 1, 1636, O. S., the First Church in Cambridge was formed. This was the eleventh church in Massachusetts. The first church under Hooker and Stone was about to remove to Connecticut, but a few of the members, including John Bridge, were to remain here. Thomas Shepard was called from England and reached Boston in the ship "Defence" in October, 1635, accompanied by about sixty friends. They had not intended to make this their permanent home, but they found that this was expedient. They purchased the houses which were to be deserted, and the new church was organized, and Mr. Shepard was chosen to be its minister. That church has kept its place to this hour. The men who composed it were Englishmen, a fact which explains their action. They sought a greater liberty than was permitted in England, and a church which should be separate from the State and purer than the one which they had left. Others who agreed with them in principle preferred to seek the reformation of the Church in which they were born. These men took the bolder step which brought them hither. In Governor Winthrop's words, they saw "no place to flie into but the wildernes." They wished to be joined in a church for their own edification, and that they might advance their purpose "to carry the Gospell into those parts of the world, to help on the cuminge of the fulnesse of the Gentiles." They were conservative with all the boldness of their enterprise. They asserted the right to do their own thinking, which is a permanent Puritan trait, and they were prepared to maintain that right at any cost. But they recognized authority, and they turned to the Bible which in 1611 had been published in the authorized version, and there they sought the truth which they were to hold and to teach, and the form of organization which they should adopt. In matters of belief they were well settled. They had not broken from the National Church upon questions of faith. They had the

old creeds and did not find it necessary to add to their number. But they required every one who entered into fellowship with them to declare his own belief and to justify it in his experience. A book kept by Mr. Shepard containing fifty of these personal confessions is preserved, although by some unwarranted mischance it has passed out of the hands of the Church to which it belongs. They held the general theological belief of their time. The clearest statement of their faith and fellowship is embodied in the compact to which they agreed. I have not been able to find a separate form of words; and I have assumed with good reason that they accepted the form which had a little before been adopted by the First Church in Boston. That form is still in use here and is both a creed and a covenant, and as it now stands is in these words:

We who are now brought together and united into one Church, under the Lord Jesus Christ, our Head, in such sort as becometh all those whom He hath redeemed and sanctified to Himself, do here solemnly and religiously, as in His most holy presence, promise and bind ourselves to walk in all our ways according to the rule of the Gospel, and in all sincere conformity to His holy ordinances, and in mutual love and respect each to other, so near as God shall give us grace.

The fitness of this agreement for its purpose is manifest; and the spirit of the men, in the humility of their courage, is revealed in the happy phrase which closes and seals their agreement, "so near as God shall give us grace." They adopted the only form of organization and government which was practicable, and for this they believed they had full precedent and authority. Their method and action, beyond their thought, were a prophecy of the Republic which was to come. Soon after came the Westminster Confession, to which they agreed, and the Cambridge platform, which is still the basis of the Puritan Church. It is not accurate to call these founders Calvinists, although for the most part they assented to Calvin's teaching and felt his influence. But he had been dead more than twenty years, and in the year of his death Shakespeare and Galileo were born. Thought had not stood still in this interval. When the Plymouth people were about to leave Holland, Robinson warned them against entrenchment in the past. "Saith he, you see the Calvinists stick where he left them." He told his people to be

expectant of further light and to be ready to receive it. This was the temper of the Puritans who came here. They had no thought of abandoning the principles of their belief, but they sought to understand them more fully. There were many strong points in Calvinism and to these they adhered. They believed stoutly in the sovereignty of God and the sanctity of duty; in His election and predestination, in which they believed they were embraced. They taught the divine mercy, while at times they suggested the limits of the illimitable. The robust virtues of the system were incarnate in them: an unconquerable will, daring, persistence; in their firmness they were stubborn. Calvinism which should have made fatalists made heroes, and, in Froude's words, "set its face against illusion and mendacity." They had the rugged virtues which were adapted to a rugged climate and a hard soil. Men of less vigor would not have come, or coming would not have stayed. Art, which is often more truthful than biography, has presented the men in two representative statues of bronze: of a clergyman and a deacon. John Harvard sits over his open book while the snow falls on his uncovered head; and John Bridge from the Common looks into the wintry wind wearing his summer suit. That is the kind of men they were, calmly defiant of the weather. It is this generation, not their own, which has erected these monuments.

They were rigid and needed to be; intolerant of evil within their gates and of interference from without. They never pursued a man to his harm, but they insisted on the rights for which they had paid a great price. If others differed from them, and persisted in doing it, there was room enough along the coast and in the interior for them to enjoy their diversity. Others might do as they pleased if they would allow them to do as they pleased on their own ground. Intolerance against interference was their habit. The method had this advantage, that it diffused liberty. Roger Williams would not have done the work of which Rhode Island boasts, if he had not been urged with some insistence, and against his will, to transfer himself and his desires to the vacant field where he could fulfil his purpose unhindered and unhindering. Providence dates from 1636. We are to-night commemorating the earliest days of the town and I must not come through later generations. There are things afterwards which we deeply regret, but these belonged in the times and to the world,—to "Old England" more than to

New England. We can forgive much to men who wrought for the advantage of those who should come after them, whose work has lasted, into whose sacrifices and toils we have been glad to enter. The ruder side of their life and estate forces itself upon our notice. It was not all rude. Women were here, and children. There were pleasant homes and faithful friendships, and the days were not devoid of the things which brighten and lighten life. They kept Christmas in spirit, though fearing its companions. They read the carols, and I fancy that they sang them quietly. Their letters are rich in loving and tender thoughts. You do not greatly change men by bringing them across the sea. The heart will beat.

Our founders were large-minded men. The leaders among them were well born. Many had been trained at Cambridge and Oxford. They had inherited a love of learning and confidence in its utility. I cannot do better than to recall the words of Mr. Lowell spoken from this platform: "That happy breed of men who both in Church and State led our first emigration were children of the most splendid intellectual epoch that England has ever known." It is in witness to the men and their spirit that in the beginning they set up their College in the wilderness. The events recorded at the College gate are in their order and in the terms of their thought. After they had builded their houses, provided for their livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government: "one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the Churches, when our present ministers shall lie in the dust." The Churches and the ministers led the way, and the College was founded, and endowed with a minister's money and a minister's name. It was placed here, rather than elsewhere, because this was "a place very pleasant and accommodate," and "under the orthodox and soul flourishing ministry of Mr. Thomas Shepheard." Thenceforth the Church and its minister, with the neighboring Churches and ministers, made their College the object of their special care, giving out of their poverty for its support and out of their wealth for its guidance. In its turn the College helped the Churches even as it had been planned. No town has a finer beginning than this. The studies of the College were worthy of the scholars who ordered them. The circumference of their learning was as large as it is now, but there has been a vast

filling in as knowledge has grown from more to more. By this the Church profits as it expected to do. How close the connection has been is signified by the fact that even to-day the memorial slab of Henry Dunster the first President rests on the grave of Jonathan Mitchel, the second minister. I may speak of the College only in this alliance, and from the side of the old Church. Both Church and College have lived, which means that they have grown, and less in numbers than in life. The truths which were believed have been illumined in the increased light. They have drawn upon the life of the world. Facts have more meaning and force; proportions have changed; statements and definitions have been renewed. The College keeps the Church engraven on its seal and emblazoned in its windows. It was not intended, but when an inscription was sought for the wall over our heads nothing was found better than the words of the prophet which an earlier generation had written above the grave of the graduate of 1712, who longer than any other had served the Church as its minister; words which we read in the Vulgate as often as we come hither, "Qui autem docti, fuerint fulgebunt, . . . in perpetuas æternitates."

I must not attempt to trace the history of the Church far from its beginning. It has lived to do its part for the town which has dealt generously by it. The Church taught patriotism and devotion when the Colonies declared their independence. Among the histories of that time is one entitled "The Pulpit of the American Revolution," which recognizes the influence of the ministry. In our own day the Church has asserted Union and Liberty and has defended them that the Republic might be preserved. Samuel Adams was not the last of the Puritans. For fourteen thousand Sundays the Church has served the community and the country in its teaching, and over one hundred thousand days by its varied ministries. It has taught duty, virtue, piety, and has sought to breathe into the common life the spirit of truth and charity. Many churches have gathered around the first, where they stand in their strength, the largest society known among us, in the range of its purpose and effort. The latest are one with the earliest in the power of an endless life.

I must not obscure the fact that after an unbroken fellowship of two hundred years the old church became two households. There is no contention save as both contend for truth and duty; and both

stand for helpfulness and good will. There are two houses, but we keep Thanksgiving Day under one roof.

**THE CHAIRMAN:** Just think of our richness here in Cambridge! With our church literature and early history we would have had enough to make most cities proud ; but we have in our midst the leading University of the country, at least in those things for which a university is founded. It may not lead on the river or in the football field, but universities are not founded for athletics. Those are but pastimes. But in other things it is justly claimed that our university does lead. Even the university at Cambridge, in England, for which the town was named, in some respects is far behind Harvard to-day. If a young man wants to take a post-graduate course, as it is very commonly called, and would like to go into the pleasant shades of Oxford, or study in the old halls of Cambridge, he will find it is hardly worth his while, because he will not have the opportunities there for various kinds of post-graduate work which he has here.

As for the person who is to speak for Harvard to-night, there is so much to say that if one were merely to say all the important things it would take the whole time of this meeting to-night, and you know him, all of you, so well, that it would not be necessary for me to say one single word ; but I do not think you would be pleased or The Cambridge Historical Society be satisfied, if I did not at least try to say something to which you can respond. The great authority on education, not only in this country, but perhaps of the civilized world ; a great statesman, not in active politics, but a leader in statesmanlike ideas ; and the truths which have emanated from him have had their influence in the growth of the country ; and last, but not least, as the heart is greater than the head, our own much beloved neighbor, President CHARLES W. ELIOT.

## ADDRESS OF CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SCHOOLGIRLS AND SCHOOLBOYS,  
AND MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY:

I SUPPOSE that one of the reasons I have been able to do some small part of the work which Mr. Dana was good enough to describe in such ample phrase is that I have lived in Cambridge for fifty-six years, longer than most persons in this room have lived. Now, Cambridge is a good place in which to study, not only the history of the American people, but the history and development of their ideals; and if a man wants to learn what the leading ideas of the American people have been he cannot live in a better place than Cambridge.

I heard Mr. James F. Rhodes, one of the most distinguished historical writers of to-day, saying to a small company of gentlemen a few weeks ago that James Russell Lowell had a clearer view of the quality of the American people, a more perfect sympathy with them, a better appreciation and understanding of their gifts, ways, and hopes than any other American of the nineteenth century except Abraham Lincoln. Now, James Russell Lowell was born here, passed almost the whole of his life here,—the whole of it except when he was in Europe on eminent public service,—wrote here, and died here. For him Cambridge was that “pleasant and accommodate place” which it was for the infant College. Here he drank in the New England landscape. Here he learned to love the New England birds, the marshes of the Charles, and the ample scope of field, grove, and sky. Here he learned to love the people of New England, and to comprehend both their past and their future.

Why has Cambridge been so good a place to teach Americanism? Partly because it was founded for the magnificent purpose which Dr. McKenzie has described. Hither men came across the sea, under brave leadership, and with superb ideals, seeking freedom to worship God; and here they stayed to found a commonwealth and to build up their modest fortunes. They sought first the Kingdom of God, but other things “pleasant and accommodate” were added to them; and this Commonwealth became the most truly prosperous and the happiest community in the civilized world.

So Cambridge has been a good place for the College to grow up. But the College has returned in some measure these blessings, these favors from the town and the province. What characterizes the Cambridge of to-day in regard to its material possessions and resources? Moderation. There is not a rich man in Cambridge according to the standard of the times, not one. Plenty of people in comfortable circumstances, well-to-do, but not one rich man! What are the best houses in Cambridge to-day? Those that were built more than a hundred years ago. Our standard of living has remained simple and moderate; substantial, if you please, but plain. Now, the College has helped to that good end. Here have lived hundreds of men full of thought, and courage, and high purpose, but living simple lives. The presence of these men, generation after generation, has helped to characterize the place, has served to determine, in large measure, its quality; has made it wise, and strong, and simple.

This is a great service to be rendered to any community. It is a service which becomes more and more precious as the republic develops. Let us hope that this service will continue to be rendered by the University to the growing city and the growing State.

We cannot help but look forward with some anxiety to the future of Cambridge, because of the prodigious change in the nature of its population. The Puritans no longer control Cambridge; the suffrage is no longer limited to members of the Puritan church. Many races are mixed in our resident population. I visited not long ago a public kindergarten in Putnam Avenue. Among twenty-two children on the floor there were eight different nationalities; and the loveliest of the children was a little Russian Jewess. But let us look forward with good courage and with the hope and expectation that the same ideals which led the Pilgrims and the Puritans across the sea, the same ideals to which the people of this Commonwealth have held for two hundred and seventy years, will still guide the people of Massachusetts, mixed or conglomerate as they may become. They look back to various pasts, but may they look forward to one and the same future of public freedom, justice, and happiness.

**THE CHAIRMAN:** We have in Cambridge— one of our neighbors—a man whom you know, who has just received

a decoration from the King of Italy for his histories of that country, and who has recently written a valuable and interesting work on Venice,—Venice, that beautiful city, the poetry of air and water, with its architecture, and music, and works of art. We shall ask him to-night to bring to Cambridge some of the poetry from Venice to fit us to appreciate our future Venice-like water basin. I therefore now introduce Mr. WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER to read to us his verses written for the occasion.

### POEM OF WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

CAMBRIDGE: 1630-1905.

#### I. THE FOUNDERS.

As when, amid the heats of prime,  
We pause, and backward look on Youth,  
Swift as a flash the sweet May time  
Comes with its visions: again Truth,  
The ideal, sets our hearts on fire,  
Whispers *Renounce! Pursue! Desire!*  
Still loveliest when she bids *Aspire!*  
And in the recover'd bloom and glow  
Of the enchanted Long Ago,  
We count the gains our hands have wrought,  
The knowledge that the years have taught,  
And rate them dim and scant and few  
Beside those visions that we knew  
When all our world was dawn and dew.

So in thy haunts, belovèd Town,  
Thy Past will fling its challenge down  
Like Youth's remember'd dream: it asks,  
"How have ye sons fulfill'd your tasks?  
The soil ye had — the seed — the way,  
What harvest do ye reap to-day?"  
And well it is that we give heed,  
And test us by their word and deed.

The hearts they bred in Cambridge held  
 The virtues of those days of old :  
 Narrow it may be, stern and grim,  
 Yet bas'd on principle, not whim ;  
 Lofty as hope and deep as faith,  
 And stronger than the might of Death,  
 And firm enough on which to build  
 Town, state, or nation, as God will'd.  
 Religion, learning, civic life,  
 To drive, not drift — to be, not seem —  
 At God's command to enter strife —  
 These were their aims, few but supreme.

We, sapp'd by dubious modern ease,  
 Pity the Founders on their knees ;  
 Unmindful of the endless gain,  
 We overstress the fleeting pain, —  
 Their sighs for friends and pleasures left,  
 Their fight with famine, cold and thirst,  
 Mere fugitives, despis'd, bereft,  
 Amid a wilderness accurst.  
*Bereft?* Upon that forest hem  
 Jehovah gave his sign to them !  
 Along the lonely Charles they heard  
 The Prophets speak Redemption's word !

Here David's loud hosannas rang,  
 Here Calvin preached and Milton sang !  
 For them the actual barren scene  
 Was but a phantom Palestine —  
 A stage where they were doom'd to play  
 Sin's drama, in the Jewish way.  
 The hosts of Heaven and hordes of Hell  
 Watch'd ev'ry act of ev'ry soul,  
 As if that single choice might knell  
 Bliss or perdition for the whole.

God's gladiators, they would scorn  
 Our pity, pitying us instead.  
 Would deem us languid creatures, born  
 Too late to know how heart and head  
 In holy vehemence can wed ;

Too dull or passionless to feel  
 Faith's perfect, incandescent zeal;  
 Too blind to see the Lord on high  
 Look down and judge humanity,  
 As thro' a window in the sky.

## II. THE INHERITANCE.

Such were the Founders when they planted here  
 The home that we inherit, title clear.  
 Not empire, loot nor commerce urged their quest,  
 But the one reason, elemental, best,  
 That man shall have untrammel'd ways to God,  
 Which if he have not, man remains a clod.

This be their praise, thro' all the years to come —  
 What was a wilderness they made a home,  
 A home, the surest masterpiece of man !  
 Statesmen may scheme and conquerors may plan,  
 Their craft will fail, their legion'd power fade,  
 Unless upon that rock their trust be laid.  
 That is the cornerstone whereon mankind,  
 Building tow'rds Heaven, have left the beast behind ;  
 Harm that, the beast returns. The Founders show'd  
 How rudest hemlock huts could be the abode  
 Of holy love that shunneth palaces —  
 The shrine of life-long sweetest privacies —  
 The altar to whose flame Self hourly brings  
 Its joyful sacrifice — the sacred springs  
 Of virtues and affections that control  
 Our hearts thro' life, and keep them pure and whole.

Now thrice three generations testify  
 The Founders builded well : we pass and die,  
 But Cambridge keeps her glory as at first :  
 Here men are neighbors ; here are nurst  
 Clean hearts, clear heads and wills inviolate.  
 Spurr'd by this migrant age men gad and roam,  
 Here let them learn the meaning of a home,  
 Bohemians, nomads never rear'd a state.

On this, our heart-free Feast of Gratitude,  
 Unto the Past be all our thanks renewed :  
 First, to the Founders; next, to ev'ry son  
 Who by his shining work or nature won  
 A nobler living for the common share :  
 Poets who prov'd that the diviner air  
 Of Poesy is here ; the patriots true

Who with their conscience kept strict rendezvous ;  
 Citizens, scholars, preachers — all who gave  
 Their souls for service — best, the women brave.  
 And we rejoice that many issues vast  
 Have touch'd our life, that here have pass'd  
 Events that shook the world ; and dear we hold,  
 In pride and satisfactions manifold,  
 The College, eldest daughter of the Town,  
 Harvard, who sheds on Cambridge her renown.  
 Nations are wreck'd, and empires melt away ;  
 Creeds rise and vanish ; customs last their day ;  
 Change seems the end of all ; Time's current sweeps  
 Resistless, roaring, tow'rds the unknown deeps :  
 But like an island in the rapids set  
 The College stands ; in vain the waters fret  
 Around her precinct consecrate to Truth ;  
 She has the strength of ages and the youth  
 Of wisdom ; free from sordid interest,  
 Her mission is to know and teach the best —  
 Not what men wish to hear, but what is true —  
 To guard the old, to greet and search the new.

O, rare our lot, and wonder-rich the dower  
 The Fates beyond desert upon us shower !  
 With gratitude, the coin of noble hearts,  
 Here would we honor those who made our parts  
 So pleasant — nameless benefactors gone,  
 Who truly liv'd, not to themselves alone.

### III. OUR COVENANT.

The Past brings its gifts, and we take, for we may not refuse ;  
 Or bitter or sweet, they have fallen unearn'd to our lot ;  
 The bitter to be as a cordial draught, if we choose,

The sweet to be sweeter for sharing with them that have not.  
But woe unto them that would make but a brag of the Past,  
Accepting its gifts like a hoard they have license to spend;  
Untrue to their promise, the hopes of the race they would blast;  
A mock to the wise they shall live, and in shame they shall end.  
But he that awakes to a hallowing sense of the due  
We owe to our brothers and helpers that wrought and are dead—  
The builders of states that were free, the sages that knew,  
The prophets that boldly bore witness, the martyrs that bled,  
And they who bring joy without blemish, magicians of Art,  
Revealers of Beauty and Love, that impassion the soul—  
He thrills with the rush of a torrent of thanks in his heart,  
But blushes that he, the unworthy, inherits the whole.  
So much, overmuch! to receive from the givers unknown,  
Now sunk out of Time beyond reach of his gratitude's call!  
They taught him the Knowledge supreme, and he turns to his own,  
To pay in his service to them what he owes unto all.

Ah, little avails it to garland the Past of our Town,  
If pride be not chasten'd by thought of the duties unpaid :  
The trust that the Fathers in piety handed us down  
Have we loyally guarded, unharmed, or diminish'd, betray'd?  
Religion they gave—do we cherish the things that endure?  
Do we estimate learning more precious than comfort or gold?  
Has self left the citizen single in purpose and pure?  
And over our prosperous homes breathes the spirit of old?  
Not merely to guard unimpair'd is enough, but to add—  
Since treasure of character surely must dwindle, or grow—  
To add of our own, of our best, to uplift and make glad  
The hearts of our Kin in that future we never shall know.  
And this we resolve : we will mingle our more to the less—  
The Past thro' our wills as a far-shedding glory shall shine—  
Dear Town, that hast blest us as only a mother can bless,  
We pledge thee anew our devotion! Our best shall be thine!

THE CHAIRMAN: In speaking of those who have given fame to Cambridge for the literary side, there is the dear Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, whenever I saw him, always seemed to speak of Cambridge, and of Cambridge, and again of Cambridge; for there he was born and brought up, and though, for convenience, he resided in Boston, he always

called Cambridge the chief of his homes, and I think that Cambridge has a right to call him her Holmes. If we think of all these men, there is one characteristic that marks them all, and that is their patriotism, their love of country, their public spirit. You heard what President ELIOT said of Lowell. Of that cluster of men, two that he named are still with us. Both of them are also public-spirited and have done a great deal, given much of their time, for great public occasions. One of the two, when a clergyman in Worcester, heard of Anthony Burns being imprisoned in the Court House. He came down to Boston and joined in the attempt at rescue. When the Civil War broke out, he took charge of a regiment of colored soldiers, and went to the front, and we know what that means when he was to meet the Southern regiments on the battlefield. He is going to deliver to us to-night the chief address, the historical address of the evening. He needs from me no introduction: Colonel THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

#### ADDRESS OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

I MUST, like my predecessors (if I could do it so well), go back in my memorials, go back into the past,—at the risk of likening myself to a well-known Philadelphia diner-out, of whom it was said, I remember, that at the beginning of a dinner he could tell you, if necessary, his recollections of George Washington, and at the end of dinner he could tell you quite as much about Christopher Columbus.

I am not going quite so far back as my old friend Dr. McKenzie has gone, but I shall have to strike across his path at one point, and that I can do in reference to one of his own predecessors, and perhaps the most eminent among them, with some personal testimony that I have in regard to the tradition of that predecessor at a period long ago. It is a matter of absolute and trustworthy character, for it comes from my own mother, and it is a matter of unexceptionable freshness and charm from the fact that it is

from a letter written by that mother when she was about twelve years old. It was written by her, then visiting in Boston and Cambridge, to her mother by adoption, who was then in Hingham. This is the passage: "Now, mama, I am going to surprise you. Mr. Abiel Holmes of Cambridge, whom we so kindly chalked out for Miss N. W. [Nancy Williams, afterwards Mrs. Loammi Baldwin] is going to be married, & of all folks in the world, guess who to — Miss Sally Wendell! I am sure you will not believe it, however, it is an absolute fact, for Harriot and Mary Ann Jackson told Miss Penelope Russell so, who told us. It has been kept a secret for six weeks; nobody knows for what. I could not believe it for some time, & scarcely can now; however, it is a fact, they say. Mama must pay the wedding visit."

And that momentous epistle, coming to light by an accidental search among some old letters, became a matter of correspondence with the person most vitally interested in that marriage, — Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. I sent him the letter, and this is his answer:

July 7, 1868.

MY DEAR HIGGINSON:

I thank you for the curious little scrap of information so nearly involving my dearest interests, — whether I should be myself or somebody else, — and such a train of vital facts as my household shows me.

How oddly our ante-natal history comes out! A few months ago my classmate, Devens, told me he had recently seen an old woman who spoke of remembering me as a baby, and that I was brought up on the bottle which has made me feel as tenderly, every time I visit my wine cellar, as Romulus and Remus did when Faustula carried them to the menagerie and showed them the wolf in his cage.

Among the interesting men whom I knew as a child in Cambridge, Dr. Holmes, of course, ranked as one of the first. I was a constant playmate of his nephew, who lived in the old Holmes house, — the old house first spoiled and then carried away, unluckily, to make room for the gymnasium and the Law School, — and I was living in a house near by at the head of Kirkland Street, — the house where I was born, now occupied by Mr. Charles Batchelder; and there Charlie Parsons — Dr. Holmes' nephew — and I used to play every day, almost, in the very study of one of the old Orthodox ministers

to whom Dr. McKenzie has alluded, the Rev. Abiel Holmes. The corner of his study was given to us to play in on stormy days in the winter. The old gentleman stood at a high desk in the corner room, writing on his sermons and on the "Annals of America," and we, undisturbed, went to the closet and filled our pockets with apples. Then we brought from his shelves rows of the great Rees Cyclopedias, in far bigger volumes than any we have to-day, and each built a fortification out of the Cyclopedias, and we proceeded to arm ourselves with apples for our afternoon pastime. After a very vigorous game,—with some excellent shots, and a very risky and uncertain outcome,—after that there came a period of peace. We collected the apples once more and sat down upon the ruined towers to eat them together. And once while that was done the dear old Doctor, I remember, came to the window—it was a winter night and the window was frosty—and he, for some time, was occupied in drawing little stars in a procession on the window, and after he had drawn them all he wrote something underneath, and called us up to look at it, and explained to us that the words he had written, "Per Aspera ad Astra," meant "Through difficulties to the stars;" and that he had drawn for us the stars. And we went back and finished our apples, and remembered his maxim while we lived. So profound are the early impressions that are made upon us that I have ties with many places which the children of the present pass unmoved. There is a point opposite our old house where, as I never can forget, I stood with my mother and looked down the road and saw where, far off, flames showed that the convent was being burned in Somerville. It burned and burned, and I felt my mother throbbing with indignation; and I remember how the men of Cambridge came back afterwards (my brother being a leading physician here then), and they agreed that it would be necessary to patrol Cambridge that evening to guard against the wrath which might be visited upon us for that act of sectarian persecution. And I remember vividly how, the next morning, when the family butcher came to the back door, I went out as usual to greet him (for he sometimes gave me a ride in his wagon and let me hold the reins), I stood there with my mother, and she burst out with indignation to him, and said what a terrible thing this was; and I remember to this day how the good man went on quietly cutting off the steak, and replied, "Well, I dunno, Mis' Hig-

ginson, I guess them biships are real desperate characters." And I learned for life the lesson of religious toleration.

And in the same way there are the associations that I got from that little cemetery, just opposite the College yard, to which we boys went often, exploring, and translating the Latin epitaphs, and calling up the old associations. That was a lesson of religious breadth also, it seems to me, which appealed to Dr. Wendell Holmes, for in one of his verses, in that one fine phrase, he says of the two steeples :

" Like sentinel and nun, they keep  
Their vigil on the green;  
One seems to guard, and one to weep  
The dead that lie between.  
And both roll out so full and clear  
Their music's mingling waves  
They shake the grass, whose pennoned spear  
Leans on the narrow graves."

And I remember the sense of religious communion that this gave me, the feeling that those two churches were not so disunited as they seemed in those days, but might be as cordial in co-operation as they really are to-day.

And I remember this kindness toward human life, as extended to it in different countries, because I recall something which Dr. Holmes in one of his early poems advises all the young girls in Cambridge to do, and which I do not think a young girl of the present day has ever thought of doing. There is a tombstone beside the further fence, close by the Episcopal Church, of which he said :

"Lean o'er the slender western wall  
Ye ever-roaming girls,  
The wind that bids the blossom fall  
May lift your floating curls  
To sweep the simple lines that tell  
The exile's date and doom,  
And sigh; for where his daughters dwell  
They wreath the stranger's tomb."

And I never pass that way that I do not lean over the fence and look for that tombstone which marks the grave of some wandering Frenchman and reflect how absolutely incapable the girls of the

present day would be of doing what Holmes recommends, because not one of them wears curls, and they therefore could n't by any possibility lean over and let the wind float those ornaments to touch the tombstone.

Later, when I was sent to Mr. Wells's school, opposite Elmwood Avenue, I used to walk up and down the street with three older boys, Lowell and Story and my own elder brother, pressing close after them and listening to a wonderful account that Lowell was giving to the others of a book which had been given to him and was named Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and telling how it was a curious book, that Queene was spelled with a final "e," and there was in it a place called "the Bower of Blisse" with the final "e" also. And we smaller boys, looking across to the river, to our bathing place, resolved to go and build a "bower of blisse" there, which we did close by a lot of big apple trees, near to where the Norse memorial is now; and we used to go out there, and to lie on the grass and make believe that we were playing in Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

And the first time I ever saw Ralph Waldo Emerson,—who also, you must remember, was at that time a resident of Cambridge, living on the corner of Winthrop Square,—a lot I am sorry to see built upon, because while it was empty it was such a memorial of Emerson,—the first time I saw him was in Lyceum Hall in the old Lyceum days. We boys went into these lectures one by one, trying to walk as softly as possible, and our boots thumping and squeaking all the way down to the front of the hall; we would take turns, each boy going in, listening for about five minutes, and then deciding that he wanted to go out, and on one occasion I had gone in, and this man whom I never before had heard rose and spoke in that wonderful, separate world of thought that Emerson had around him while speaking, even then. My comrades did their duty, one by one going off as usual, and going down a place where there had once been a stovepipe, and it had been withdrawn, and the hole was still there, and they naturally preferred that to the ordinary staircase, and each one, climbing down, let himself drop, boots and all, to the bottom. And I lingered and went out after them all, with the grown people, and was received with indignation, because the thing to do, after you went out, was to play baseball in the place that is now Harvard Square and make as much noise as possi-

ble. But I stayed in and heard that lecture through, and when I came out I was received with indignation, and they said, "What did you stay in for?" My only answer was, "I don't know." They asked me again, "What did you stay in for?" And I answered, "I don't know; I kind of liked to hear that man." "What did he lecture about?" "I don't know." "What is his name?" "Oh, I don't remember; Emerson, or something like that." "Could n't you understand him?" "No, I could n't understand a word of it."

I think that that was perhaps one of the very greatest compliments that was paid to Emerson during that period; that this boy of ten or eleven years, who had never before stayed through a lecture in his life, and who had never gone very much apart from his playmates, should have been held there by the magnetism of the man, without understanding a word of his lecture. Yet how little the older people around me yet knew what Emerson was to be for all of us! It now makes me think of that noble sentence with which Emerson himself closed one of his lectures: "What forests of laurel we give, and the tears of mankind, to those who have stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries."

At the conclusion of Colonel Higginson's address the meeting was dissolved.

## THE FOURTH MEETING

THE FOURTH MEETING of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held, by direction of the President, on the twenty-fourth day of April, nineteen hundred and six, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, the President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presiding.

The Minutes of the preceding two Meetings were read and approved.

The death of Professor JAMES MILLS PEIRCE was announced.

On recommendation of the Council it was voted that the following Amendments to the By-Laws be adopted, namely:—

*First*: That in Article XII the words "last Monday" in the second line be struck out and the words "fourth Tuesday" be inserted in their place; that the words "last Mondays" in the fourth line be struck out and the words "fourth Tuesdays" be inserted in their place, — the By-Law thus amended reading as follows: "The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesdays of January and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council."

*Second*: That in the By-Laws now numbered VI to XVI both inclusive, the numbers VI to XVI, both inclusive, be struck out and in their place and in the same order be substituted the numbers VIII to XVIII, both inclusive.

*Third*: That the following be adopted as a new By-Law and be numbered VI, namely:

#### VI. ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Any person not a resident, but either a native or formerly a resident for at least five years, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible to associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of one dollar each payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

Fourth: That the following be adopted as a new By-Law and be numbered VII, namely:

#### VII. SEAL.

The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1905, a shield bearing a representation of the Daye Printing Press and crest of two books surmounted by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting-house of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister, and, underneath, a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent*.

On behalf of the Committee on the Identification and Marking of Historic Sites in Cambridge, the following report was presented by HOLLIS R. BAILEY, Esq.

#### REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON THE IDENTIFICATION AND MARKING OF HISTORIC SITES IN CAMBRIDGE

THE present report of the committee consists of a list of the most important Historic Sites in Cambridge, with the location of each. It contains also all the existing inscriptions.

We are indebted to the Hannah Winthrop Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution for the greater part of the list of sites.

We are indebted to Mr. John W. Freese for copies of most of the inscriptions.

1. INMAN HOUSE. HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL PUTNAM.  
Left-hand side of Brookline Street, somewhat below Auburn Street.
2. FORT WASHINGTON.  
Foot of Allston Street, near Charles River.
3. ALVAN CLARK PLACE.  
Last house on left-hand side of Brookline Street, approaching Essex Street bridge.
4. CAPTAIN'S ISLAND.  
Bathing Beach, foot of Magazine Street.
5. SITE OF FORT No. 1.  
Where Riverside Press now stands on Blackstone Street.
6. SITE OF FORT No. 2.  
Left-hand side Putnam Avenue, just below Franklin Street.

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SITE OF A FORT  
BUILT IN 1775  
BY ORDER OF  
GENERAL WASHINGTON.

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7. CITY HALL.  
Massachusetts Avenue, between Bigelow and Inman streets.
8. SITE OF INMAN HOUSE.  
Inman Street, opposite Austin Street, rear of City Hall.

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IN 1775  
GENERAL PUTNAM  
HAD HIS HEADQUARTERS  
IN THE HOUSE  
WHICH STOOD HERE.

---

9. SITE OF CHIEF JUSTICE FRANCIS DANA'S HOUSE.  
Massachusetts Avenue, between Dana and Ellery streets,  
well back from the street.
10. PHIPS-WINTHROP HOUSE.  
Now occupied by Romish Sisters, Bow and Arrow streets.
11. APTHORP HOUSE, BISHOP'S PALACE.  
Between Plympton and Linden streets.

APTHORP HOUSE  
BUILT IN 1760.  
GENERAL BURGOYNE  
AND HIS STAFF OFFICERS  
WERE CONFINED HERE AS  
PRISONERS OF WAR  
IN 1777.

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12. SITE OF FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE IN CAMBRIDGE.  
Big Tree Swimming Pool, Holyoke Street.

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HERE STOOD  
THE FIRST SCHOOLHOUSE  
OF CAMBRIDGE  
BUILT IN 1648.

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13. SITE OF GENERAL GOOKIN'S HOUSE (1st?).  
East side of Holyoke Street, between Harvard and Mt.  
Auburn streets.

14. SITE OF PRESIDENT HOLYOKE'S HOUSE.  
N. E. corner Holyoke Street and Holyoke Place. House  
torn down May, 1905.

15. SITE OF GOVERNOR THOMAS DUDLEY HOUSE.  
N. W. corner Dunster and South streets.

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THOMAS DUDLEY,  
FOUNDER OF CAMBRIDGE,  
GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS,  
LIVED HERE IN 1630.

---

16. JOHN HICKS HOUSE.  
S. E. corner Dunster and Winthrop streets.

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BUILT IN 1762  
HOUSE OF JOHN HICKS  
WHO WAS KILLED  
BY THE BRITISH SOLDIERS  
APRIL 19TH, 1775.  
USED BY GENERAL PUTNAM  
FOR ARMY OFFICE.

17. SITE OF FIRST MEETING HOUSE.  
S. W. corner Dunster and Mt. Auburn streets.

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SITE OF THE  
FIRST MEETING HOUSE IN CAMBRIDGE,  
ERECTED A.D. 1632.

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18. SITE OF SAMUEL DUDLEY HOUSE.  
S. E. corner Dunster and Mt. Auburn streets.

19. FERRY (to BOSTON).  
College Wharf, foot of Dunster Street.

20. GREAT BRIDGE.  
Foot of Boylston Street (better known as Soldiers' Field bridge).

21. SITE OF DR. KNEELAND HOUSE.  
S. W. corner Boylston and Winthrop streets.

22. SITE OF JUDAH MONIS HOUSE.  
S. E. corner Boylston and Winthrop streets.

23. MARKET PLACE.  
Winthrop Square.

24. SITE OF MR. HAYNES' HOUSE, LATER OCCUPIED BY SIR HARRY VANE.  
S. W. of Winthrop Square.

25. SITE OF FIRST JAIL, SITE OF TOWN SPRING.  
West of Market Place.

26. PROFESSOR JOHN AND MADAM WINTHROP HOUSE.  
Formerly occupied by M. R. Jones, N. W. corner Boylston and Mt. Auburn streets.

27. SITE OF BLUE ANCHOR TAVERN.  
Now tailor shop, N. E. corner Boylston and Mt. Auburn streets.

28. SITE OF BRADISH'S.  
Brick block on Boylston Street recently erected on west side of the street.

29. SITE OF SIMON AND ANNE BRADSTREET HOUSE.  
Now occupied by store of J. H. Wyeth & Co.

30. BRATTLE HOUSE.  
Now Social Union, Brattle Street.
31. READ FARM.  
Now occupied by Dr. Driver, Brattle Street.
32. SITE OF AARON HILL HOUSE.  
Now occupied by St. John's Memorial Chapel, Brattle Street.
33. SITE OF JOHN TALCOTT HOUSE.  
S. E. corner Brattle and Ash streets.
34. SITE OF SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE.  
Brattle Street, near Story Street.

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NEAR THIS SPOT  
STOOD THE  
SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE  
AND THE SMITHY  
REFERRED TO IN  
LONGFELLOW'S POEM  
"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH."

---

35. COL. HENRY VASSALL HOUSE.  
S. E. corner Brattle and Hawthorn streets.
36. JOHN VASSALL HOUSE.  
Brattle Street, opposite Longfellow Park.
37. JOSEPH E. WORCESTER HOUSE.  
Now occupied by Mrs. Chauncey Smith, Brattle Street.  
Third house above Craigie House.
38. SITE OF LECHMERE-SEWALL-RIEDESEL HOUSE.  
N. W. corner Brattle Street and Sparks Street (Mr. William Brewster's).
39. LECHMERE-SEWALL-RIEDESEL HOUSE.  
N. W. corner Brattle Street and Riedesel Avenue.
40. LEE HOUSE.  
N. E. corner Brattle Street and Kennedy Avenue.
41. RUGGLES-FAYERWEATHER HOUSE.  
N. W. corner Brattle Street and Channing Place.

42. ELMWOOD.

Elmwood Avenue, Mt. Auburn and Brattle streets.

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BIRTH PLACE OF  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL  
BUILT IN 1767.  
OCCUPIED IN 1774 BY  
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OLIVER  
COUNCILLOR TO THE CROWN  
AND LATER BY  
ELBRIDGE GERRY,  
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE  
UNITED STATES.

---

43. SITE OF CAPTAIN THATCHER'S HOUSE.

E. corner Mt. Auburn Street and Coolidge Avenue.

44. BURIAL PLACE OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

Mt. Auburn Street, between Elmwood Avenue and Hawthorn  
Street.

45. DUDLEY-LOWELL WILLOWS-PALISADES.

Corner Charles River Roadway.

46. WINDMILL LANE.

Ash Street.

47. RADCLIFFE COLLEGE.

Garden Street, corner Mason Street.

48. WASHINGTON ELM.

Garden Street, corner Mason Street.

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UNDER THIS TREE  
WASHINGTON  
FIRST TOOK COMMAND  
OF THE  
AMERICAN ARMY  
JULY 3d, 1775.

---

49. SITE OF WHITEFIELD ELM.

Garden Street, nearly opposite Waterhouse Street.

50. DR. BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE HOUSE.

Old house on Waterhouse Street, No. 7.

## 51. CAMBRIDGE COMMON.

First Camp Ground,  
Puritan Monument,  
Old Cannon,  
Scion of Washington Elm.

*Inscription concerning Old Cannon.*


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THESE GUNS  
WERE USED BY THE  
CONTINENTAL ARMY  
IN THE  
SIEGE OF BOSTON  
DURING THE  
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

---

*Inscription on Soldiers' Monument.*

The Soldiers and Sailors of Cambridge, whose names are here inscribed, died in the service of their country, in the war for the maintenance of the Union.

To perpetuate the memory of their valor and patriotism, this Monument is erected by the City,  
A. D. 1869-70.

*Inscription on Puritan Monument.*

(Front.)

---

JOHN BRIDGE  
1578-1665  
LEFT BRAINTREE, ESSEX COUNTY ENGLAND, 1631  
AS A MEMBER OF REV. MR. HOOKER'S COMPANY  
SETTLED HERE 1632  
AND STAYED WHEN THAT COMPANY  
MOVED TO THE CONNECTICUT.  
HE HAD SUPERVISION OF THE FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL  
ESTABLISHED IN CAMBRIDGE 1635  
WAS SELECTMAN 1635-1652  
DEACON OF THE CHURCH 1638-1658  
REPRESENTATIVE TO THE GREAT AND GENERAL COURT 1637-1641  
AND WAS APPOINTED BY THAT BODY TO LAY OUT LANDS  
IN THIS TOWN AND BEYOND.

(West Side.)

THIS PURITAN  
HELPED TO ESTABLISH HERE  
CHURCH, SCHOOL  
AND REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT  
AND THUS TO PLANT  
A CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.

(North Side.)

ERECTED  
AND GIVEN TO THE CITY  
SEPTEMBER 20, 1882  
BY  
SAMUEL JAMES BRIDGE  
OF THE SIXTH GENERATION  
FROM JOHN BRIDGE.

(East Side.)

THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD  
SHALL RENEW THEIR STRENGTH.

52. CHRIST CHURCH.

Garden Street, near Old Burying Ground.

OLDEST CHURCH BUILDING  
IN CAMBRIDGE  
BUILT IN 1760  
OCCUPIED BY  
CONTINENTAL TROOPS  
IN 1775.

53. SITE OF MOSES RICHARDSON HOUSE.

Holmes Place, now occupied by Harvard Law School.

HERE ASSEMBLED  
 ON THE NIGHT OF  
 JUNE 16TH, 1775  
 1200 CONTINENTAL TROOPS  
 UNDER COMMAND OF  
 GENERAL PRESCOTT  
 AFTER PRAYER BY  
 PRESIDENT LANGDON  
 THEY MARCHED TO  
 BUNKER HILL.

---

**54. SITE OF HASTINGS-HOLMES HOUSE.**

Holmes Place, near Hemenway Gymnasium.

---

SITE OF THE HEADQUARTERS  
 OF GENERAL WARD  
 AND THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY  
 IN 1775.  
 BIRTHPLACE OF  
 OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

---

**55. BIRTHPLACE OF COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.**

7 Kirkland Street.

**56. FOXCROFT-DANFORTH HOUSE. Site.**

N. E. corner Kirkland and Oxford streets.

**57. JARED SPARKS HOUSE.**

Quincy Street, next south of new chapel.

**58. HARVARD HALLS.**

College Yard.

**59. SITES OF HOOKER, SHEPARD, LEVERETT, WIGGLESWORTH,  
SEWALL, AND APPLETON HOUSES.**

*Inscription on Boylston Hall, College Yard.*

---

HERE WAS THE HOMESTEAD OF THOMAS HOOKER 1633-36 FIRST PASTOR AT NEWTOWN  THOMAS SHEPARD 1638-49 JONATHAN MITCHELL 1650-68 FIRST AND SECOND MINISTERS OF THE FIRST CHURCH OF CAMBRIDGE	JOHN LEVERETT 1696-1724 PRESIDENT OF HARVARD COLLEGE EDWARD WIGGLESWORTH 1724-68 FIRST HOLLIS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY  AND EDWARD WIGGLESWORTH 1765-94 SECOND HOLLIS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY.
--	--

64 THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY [APRIL,

60. SITES OF SECOND, THIRD, AND FOURTH MEETING HOUSES.  
About on site of Dane Hall (slight difference in site).

SITE OF THE  
FOURTH MEETING HOUSE  
BUILT IN 1756  
HERE WASHINGTON WORSHIPPED  
IN 1775.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION  
OF MASSACHUSETTS  
HELD HERE IN 1779  
LAFAYETTE WELCOMED HERE  
IN 1824.

61. SITE OF BOARDMAN HOUSE.

E. corner Massachusetts Avenue and Dunster Street  
(Brock & Eaton's store).

62. SITE OF FIRST PRINTING PRESS.

S. W. corner Massachusetts Avenue and Dunster Street  
(Brock Bros'. store).

HERE LIVED  
STEPHEN DAYE  
FIRST PRINTER IN  
BRITISH AMERICA  
1688-1668.

63. OLD COURT HOUSE.

Now on Palmer Street.

64. BURYING GROUND.

Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Garden Street.  
*Soldiers' Monument in old burying ground.*

ERECTED BY THE CITY  
A. D. 1870  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
JOHN HICKS,  
WILLIAM MARCY,  
MOSES RICHARDSON,  
BURIED HERE.  
JASON RUSSELL,  
JABEZ WYMAN,  
JASON WINSHIP,  
BURIED IN MENOTOMY  
MEN OF CAMBRIDGE  
WHO FELL IN DEFENCE OF  
THE LIBERTY OF THE PEOPLE  
APRIL 19, 1775.

"O, WHAT A GLORIOUS MORNING IS THIS!"

## 65. OLD MILE STONE.

Corner Burying Ground.

(East Side.)

CAMBRIDGE  
NEW BRIDGE  
 $\frac{2}{4}$  MILES  
1794.

(West Side.)

BOSTON  
8 MILES  
1784  
A. I.

## 66. HOME OF THE LATE CHARLES DEANE.

80 Sparks Street.

## 67. HOME OF THE LATE JUSTIN WINSOR.

74 Sparks Street.

## 68. HOME OF COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

29 Buckingham Street.

## 69. HOMES OF THE LATE JOHN FISKE.

22 Berkeley Street, later 90 Brattle Street.

## 70. HOME OF THE LATE LUCIUS R. PAIGE.

Washington Street.

## 71. COOPER-AUSTIN HOUSE.

21 Linnaean Street.

## 72. JOHN WATSON HOUSE.

2162 Massachusetts Avenue, near Rindge Avenue.

---

AT THIS PLACE  
APRIL 19, 1775  
FOUR CITIZENS WERE KILLED  
BY BRITISH SOLDIERS  
RETREATING FROM LEXINGTON

---

ERECTED BY THE CITY

1880

NAMES OF THOSE KILLED  
ISAAC GARDINER, WILLIAM MARCY,  
JOHN HICKS, MOSES RICHARDSON.

---

## 73. SITE OF WASHINGTON ALLSTON HOUSE AND STUDIO.

Auburn Street, next to brick block at corner of Auburn and  
Magazine streets.

## 74. BIRTHPLACE OF MARGARET FULLER.

71 Cherry Street.

## 75. FORT PUTNAM.

Fourth and Otis streets, East Cambridge.

## PUTNAM SCHOOL

---

SITE OF  
FORT PUTNAM  
ERECTED BY THE AMERICAN FORCES  
DEC. 1775  
DURING THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

---

## 76. LECHMERE POINT.

Second and Otis streets, East Cambridge.

---

NEAR THIS SPOT  
800 BRITISH SOLDIERS  
FROM BOSTON COMMON  
LANDED APRIL 19<sup>TH</sup>, 1775,  
ON THEIR MARCH TO  
LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

---

## 77. SITE OF HAUGH HOUSE.

First house built in East Cambridge.

## 78. WADSWORTH HOUSE. OLD PRESIDENTS' HOUSE.

In College Yard, east of Dane Hall, near Harvard Square.

---

WADSWORTH HOUSE  
BUILT IN 1726  
OCCUPIED BY  
THE COLLEGE PRESIDENTS  
FROM WADSWORTH  
TO EVERETT,  
AND IN JULY, 1775  
BY WASHINGTON.

79. SITE OF OAK TREE, SCENE OF WINTHROP-VANE ELECTION,  
1637.

ON THIS SPOT  
IN 1630  
STOOD AN ANCIENT OAK  
UNDER WHICH WERE HELD  
COLONIAL ELECTIONS  
THIS SCION OF THE  
WASHINGTON ELM  
WAS PLANTED  
MAY, 1896.

HOLLIS R. BAILEY      }  
JOHN W. FREESE      } Committee.  
WM. W. DALLINGER }

The special subject of the evening was "Reminiscences of John Bartlett."

THE CHAIRMAN: I well remember as a boy, living in Berkeley Street, when on the opposite side came a new resident, a Mr. John Bartlett. At one time during the absence of my family I stayed with Mr. John Bartlett and his wife. Though they had no children it was a very pleasant visit. They were extremely kind to me as a young boy of the awkward age of nine years, and I shall always look back upon that two months' stay with very great satisfaction.

Among my very earliest recollections was that of hearing the name of Willard. A Mr. Willard had been president, as you know, of Harvard College, and there was a strong friendship, beginning I am not aware how far back, between the Willard and Dana families — perhaps because some Mr. Willard was kind to the descendants of that early Dana settler, whose humble occupation as one of the town's officers in ringing the swine was referred to at the last meeting of this Society. At any rate this friendship of long standing has been always very sincere.

The two names Bartlett and Willard were brought together when Mr. John Bartlett married Miss Hannah Willard, and again to-night it is most appropriate that we again bring the two names together in the way of an address on this same Mr. John Bartlett by a prominent member of the Boston Bar, Joseph Willard, Esq.

### ADDRESS OF JOSEPH WILLARD

MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, LADIES  
AND GENTLEMEN:

By the courtesy of this Society I have been associated in the pleasant duty of recalling some of the traits of character and incidents of the life of our late excellent friend and your fellow-citizen, John Bartlett. And it is fitting that in this city of his adoption, and in which he lived nearly threescore years and ten of his active and retired life, his many friends should gather to remember him.

John Bartlett was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, 14 June 1820, and died in Cambridge Sunday, 3 December, 1905. He came of good Pilgrim stock, counting the honored names of Elder Brewster and Richard Warren, both Mayflower men, among his ancestors. He was proud of his Mayflower descent, in the right way; not, that is, for ostentation, as is too much the fashion of to-day, but as an incentive to live worthy of the blood he inherited. I think he indeed reproduced their sturdy independence, their patience in suffering, and their single-eyed devotion to duty and principle. But he had beside these traits of character, one, which they may have possessed, — cheerfulness in the trials of life that nothing could weaken or abate; and another, that they are certainly not credited with having, — a keen sense of humor, that saving grace of existence which, I think, is perhaps as efficient an aid to well-being in life as the theological grace of that earlier day.

At some time in the period of his retirement, probably near the end of the last century, looking back over an active career from the quiet haven of his Cambridge home, as yet uninvaded by sickness or domestic grief, he penned a brief account of his boyhood in

Plymouth. It was made as an introduction to a volume, which I have before me, modestly entitled, "A Record of Idle Hours," and contains, with that business-like precision, which was a second nature to him, a list of all the books he had read from the year 1837, when he came to this city to live, continued down to the last years of his life.

But he began long before to love books. As he says, in the same introduction: "I had an early taste for reading, and before the age of twelve had read not only most of the juvenile literature of that period, but also 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Josephus,' 'Arabian Nights,' 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' 'Scottish Chiefs,' 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife,' 'Cruise of the Midge,' 'Telemachus,' 'Paul and Virginia,' 'Tom Cringle's Log,' Cooper's 'Spy' and 'Last of the Mohicans;' Scott's 'Ivanhoe,' 'Talisman,' and 'Pirate,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' Münchhausen, and—Opie on 'Lying.'" I wonder how many of us have carefully perused "Josephus," "Telemachus," and—Opie on "Lying"! and could say so without being ourselves apt illustrations of the last-named highly instructive work!

His autobiographical fragment continues: "In 1837 I was entered as a clerk in a bookstore, and found myself amid a world of books, 'in wondering mazes lost.' Without a guide, philosopher, or friend, I plunged in, driving through the sea of books like a vessel without pilot or rudder." But our friend had a pilot in his instinctive power of selection, and a rudder in his ready assimilation of what he read, that directed him better than could any of the would-be guides who nowadays kindly seek to direct our taste by lists of the "hundred best books," and who might as well try to prescribe for our appetites the hundred best articles of food. Like the pears of Horace's Calabrian host, that which they would force upon us only repels.

"My clerical duties," concludes Mr. Bartlett's brief narrative, "were unusually onerous, yet I always found time for study and reading; and, during my active business life of fifty-two years, I devoted much time to these purposes. My library was dukedom enough, with few exceptions, for all my wants."

The business energy and tact and exceptional capacity for work that Mr. Bartlett possessed soon raised him from a clerical position to assuming the whole management and control of the College book-

store; and he rapidly redeemed it from the slack condition into which it had fallen in the less energetic hands of his predecessor.

It was nine years after Mr. Bartlett became a resident in Cambridge before it was made a city; and the influence of the College upon the town was certainly more distinctly felt then than now in its wider limits and greater size.

The Cambridge of that day is foreshadowed in Lowell's delightful essay, "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago;" that is, in the earlier decades of the last century; and while many of the marked figures which he painted in such lively colors had passed from the stage, some still remained, like Professors Popkin and Sales; and other and greater names were then the boast of the University and the literary, scientific, and scholarly attractions to its halls. Longfellow, Agassiz, Lowell, Felton, Sophocles, Beck, Gray, Peirce, Channing, and Wyman, to name no more, were among its teachers; and in this was Mr. Bartlett's great good fortune and our own; for to him it gave the suggestion to which we owe his best-known work, the "Familiar Quotations."

A bookstore in any cultivated place, but especially in a university town, is the centre to which gravitates inevitably whatever is excellent in letters, study, or culture. The best men in each succeeding year found in the place and the man the attraction of accurate scholarship, strong literary taste, and ready appreciation of the best results of study. It would take too long to do more than mention a few. But the years which sent out from the College, as graduates, Richard H. Dana, Charles Devens, James R. Lowell, Story, sculptor and poet, Nathan and Edward Everett Hale, William G. Russell, Wentworth Higginson, Senator Hoar, Professors Norton, Child, Lane, and Goodwin, Joseph Choate, President Eliot, Justin Winsor the historian, Furness the Shakespearian scholar, Alexander Agassiz, and Phillips Brooks, to come to no later day, gave an intellectual stimulus and companionship that was of itself an education. One name among the many of a date later than those just mentioned deserves especial mention, that of the fine scholar, Rezin Augustus Wight, who, graduating in 1856, grew so near to Mr. Bartlett as a collaborator that he became his associate editor, and so remained till his death in 1890 at the age of fifty-five.

It was natural that Mr. Bartlett should look to a man of college

training for co-operation, for he, like many who have not received a college education, placed perhaps an exaggerated estimate upon it. But with him this lack served only as a spur to greater effort for self-improvement and a keener appreciation of his opportunities for study. Self-directed, he read widely and avidly, and the five thousand titles which his record (already mentioned) of books perused by him enumerates, showed how he drew from the best sources of English literature; while for the classics or foreign masterpieces he had Emerson's authority that a translation may sufficiently replace the original. The same well-poised judgment, which made him competent to determine the value of literary wares to be offered to the public, gave him a discriminating taste in reading and a wonderful power of orderly arrangement; and to the frequenters of his bookstore he became an authority to be referred to more and more for the sources of apt or quotable phrases; and the "Familiar Quotations" was the result.

The unassuming first edition of the "Familiar Quotations" saw the light in 1855. I have it now before me, a slender little volume of two hundred and sixty-seven pages, tentative, almost timid in its character. I remember that Mr. Bartlett told me, and it was an indication of his doubt as to the success of his venture, that he thought an appropriate motto for his book would have been the quotation from John Bunyan's quaint apology for his work of the lines:

"Some said, 'John, print it; ' others said, 'Not so.'  
Some said, 'It might do good,' others said, 'No.' "

But it became so rapidly known and met so hearty an appreciation of its judicious selection and accuracy that Mr. Bartlett might apply to himself Byron's phrase: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." He had reached his public. The scholar was pleased to find ready to his hand the best of what he had known; the unscholarly man now could almost keep pace with the better taught. The critic found where the exquisite thought of the poet had its first form in an earlier day, whose crude ore was wrought into the refined gold of the master; and last, and not least, the orator or after-dinner speaker had his *vade mecum*, his sure reliance in oratorical or conversational difficulty, like Master Slender's Book of Riddles in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

I think not many persons realize the difficulty of the task Mr. Bartlett undertook. It seems easy enough merely to set down the verse or phrase that passes current everywhere, to give it accurately, and perhaps in some instances to point out its ancestry, if it had any. But into the select circle what was to be admitted and what was to be excluded from it? Here came the task of decision; and to a scholar the danger was that his own familiarity with a passage might mislead him to regard it as generally familiar, and impute to the public his own knowledge; and his difficulty increased in the ratio of his own learning. He must needs, Brutus like, sacrifice his own nearest and dearest, if conformity to the public acceptance required it. On the other hand, the standard of familiarity was not to be local only, and a wide scholarship was demanded, that all the domain of English speech should be represented, and that if he erred at all it should be on the side of fulness.

How well Mr. Bartlett's sound judgment met all these requirements the success of the book best evidenced. It would be most interesting if time permitted to follow step by step the growth of the book, and trace its expansion, its admission of new, and its exclusion of disentitled, candidates. But only a brief statement of figures is possible. The first edition of 1855 is a small duodecimo of two hundred and sixty-seven pages, with only twenty footnotes. The fourth edition, in 1864, had five hundred pages; the eighth, in 1883, was an octavo of nine hundred and twelve pages; and the last—the ninth—is a stout volume of almost twelve hundred pages, with nearly five thousand footnotes. And this was not mere addition, for the pruning-knife was judiciously and unflinchingly applied.

One feature of the later editions, and particularly of the last, deserves especial notice, as it is not perhaps generally appreciated; but it is one which has rendered this book one of the most valuable contributions made to the study of literature, and therefore to the history of thought. It is the citation of parallel, precedent or subsequent, or even of derivative passages, expressing the same conception.

Now while in the first edition there are but twenty, in the last edition there are nearly five thousand of these. You have here, therefore, not merely the ancestry of the thought, and can trace its

gradual working out from its rude earlier form to its perfected shape, but you are brought face to face with the great problem of the community of ideas, its limits and its possibilities. For the similarities are often not plagiarisms, but underivative and original; and the phrase to which Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Montaigne, or Byron may have given world-wide currency may only be another form of the thought expressed by some obscure writer or thinker, who comes to be known solely because of the better shape in which his conception has been put by another and greater mind.

Thus Byron's grand lines —

“ So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart ; ”

have their plagiaristic or imitative echo in Moore's feebler verse —

“ They,  
Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume,  
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,  
See their own feathers plucked to wing the dart,  
Which rank corruption destines for the heart.”

But perhaps their origin was in Waller's stanza, a century and a half earlier —

“ The eagle's fate and mine are one,  
Which on the shaft that made him die  
Espied a feather of his own,  
Wherewith he wot to soar so high.”

And whether all three may or may not have drawn the figure from Æschylus' lines —

“ With our own feathers, not by others' hands,  
Are we now smitten,”

may and perhaps always will be a question.

Yet we find a little known French poet, Jean Bertaut, — a century before Waller, — expressed, though with far less poetic beauty, the same conception —

“ Nous seuls empennons de nos plumes  
Les traits, dont il nous rend blessés.”

And the grand Shakespearian lines —

“ Men’s evil manners live in brass, their virtues  
We write in water; ”

have their contemporaneous echo in the same Bertaut’s —

“ L’Injure se grave en metal  
Et le bienfait s’escrit en l’onde.”

That Shakespeare never heard of Bertaut is more than probable ; that Bertaut never read Shakespeare is certain ; and both are preceded by Sir Thomas More’s quaint wisdom : “ For men use if they suffer an evil tourne to write it in marble and whoso doeth us a good tourne we write it in dust.”

Similar examples can be multiplied indefinitely, but it is in Mr. Bartlett’s book that the opportunity for their study has first been adequately presented.

From the “Familiar Quotations” to the compilation of the “Shakespeare Concordance” was a natural step ; for no less than one tenth of all the familiar phrases in the former work are Shakespeare’s. This admirable Concordance was a labor of love with Mr. Bartlett, and although begun thirteen years before he retired from business, was not completed till five years of that retirement had passed, and might well be called the fruitage of that period. It had particularly the tender association of his wife’s devoted aid, acknowledged so lovingly in the dedication. Its necessary bulk, inevitable from its extensive plan to give more than a bare literal list of words, of course limited its sale mainly to large libraries, or professed Shakespearian scholars. I think Mr. Bartlett had perhaps hoped for a more popular acceptance of his book, led thereto naturally enough by the absorbing interest which a scholar feels in his work ; but he received his reward in the service he knew he had rendered to literature, in a work whose scrupulous accuracy is such that in its nearly four hundred thousand lines scarcely an error is to be found.

Praise, public and private, for both of his literary labors had come to him in no stinted measure. But one honor I think he prized above all others. The regard he had for the College, enhanced by his wife’s inherited associations through her father the professor, and her grandfather the President, rendered it particu-

larly fitting that the College should enrol him as one of her sons by adoption as she did, by giving him the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1871. He became also a member of the Φ B K in 1894, and of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1892.

Not to many who pass threescore and ten is it given to escape the scriptural limitations on the joy of living, and to find the later years not those of sorrow and trouble. I think our friend had the scriptural warning in his mind when at the age of sixty-nine he retired from active business and at seventy-two brought to a conclusion his best-known work. The preface to the ninth edition of the "Quotations" has a pathetic note of farewell in the words: "The small thin volume — the first to bear the title to this collection — after passing through eight editions, each enlarged, now culminates in its ninth, and with this closes its tentative life."

I have dwelt at this length on the literary side of Mr. Bartlett's life, as this it is by which he will be best known publicly. But you, who were his relatives, friends, and neighbors, knew another and finer side to the man. I have often thought that his friend Lowell might well have had him in his mind when he wrote the lines:

"The wisest man could ask no more of fate,  
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true."

A man's character may often best be judged by the friends he makes and retains; and if, of the groups of friends who were his in middle life, and remained his till death parted them, I might name two especially near and dear to him, they would be James Russell Lowell and John Holmes. Of the latter sunny-natured, rare, and delightful man and genial humorist, if any of you desire more knowledge than your personal memories of him give, no words of mine can add to the charming picture of him drawn in the pages of Colonel Higginson's "Contemporaries." With Lowell Mr. Bartlett's association was constant for forty years. His exquisite taste, clear literary judgment, and ample scholarship Mr. Bartlett found always at his service; nor was their intercourse limited to serious studies. The verses in the years 1857 and 1858 in which he celebrated the gift of one of the trophies of Mr. Bartlett's skill as an angler, the famous seven-pound trout, are printed

in his collected works, and I will only quote from them here; while little bits of verse, even to the last year of the poet's life, touched, among others, on the same pleasant theme.

"I see him trace the wayward brook  
Amid the forest mysteries,  
Where at their shades shy aspens look,  
Or where with many a gurgling crook  
It croons its woodland histories.

"I see him step with caution due,  
Soft as if shod in moccasins,  
Grave as in church, for who plies you,  
Sweet craft, is safe as in a pew  
From all our common stock of sins.

"The unerring fly I see him cast,  
That as a roseleaf falls as soft,  
A flash, a whirl! he has him fast,  
We tyros, how that struggle last  
Confuses and appalls us oft.

"Unflattered he: calm, as the sky  
Looks on our tragicomedies,  
This way and that he lets him fly,  
A sunbeam shuttle, then to die  
Lands him with cool aplomb at ease.

"The friend who gave our board such gust,  
Life's care, may he o'erstep it half;  
And when Death hooks him, as he must,  
He'll do it gently as I trust,  
And John Holmes write his epitaph."

The pleasant bond that united these three friends was broken by the death of Lowell in 1891. Eight years later John Holmes, so quaintly referred to, passed away at the age of eighty-five, and with his death ended the familiar association of half a century.

In 1900, at fourscore, Mr. Bartlett's vigorous health became seriously impaired in sight, hearing, and power to walk. It was the beginning of a physical imprisonment that ended only with his life. To this was added his anxiety for his gentle wife, whose mental alienation rendered her an object of constant solicitude, but chiefly from the fear lest, if he should not survive her, she would

not be assured of the same protecting care with which he watched over her. But his serene courage never failed; and the sorrow of her death a year before his had yet this alleviation from that ever-present anxiety.

I think few of you, whose privilege it was to visit him in this last decade of his life, can forget the delightful reception with which you were greeted, as soon as you came within his recognition. As the attendant announced you to him, as he sat in the well-remembered place in his beautiful library, surrounded by the books he had loved so well, but which he was never more to read, you could see the alert look and attitude as he waited till you reached him, and then the cheery smile, the cordial grasp of the hand, the pleasant word of greeting welcomed you, and the door of his imprisonment opened wide once more. Then came the flow of reminiscence, of pertinent anecdote, of apt quotation, and in turn a perfectly receptive appreciation of all that you had to offer in kind. There was no taint of old age in his mind, and his memory seemed only to strengthen with the years.

And so it continued to the last. On Friday, December 1st, I was summoned to his bedside by a note, informing me of his serious illness. I found him fully conscious, and aware that his physicians had said that he had but a few days to live. I remained with him at his desire for quite an hour, and not only was his mind alert and his business directions clear, but there was the same cheery tone, pleasant memory of the past, and thoughtful reference to the present, though the voice was feeble and the utterance slow. Two days later he died.

In presenting this imperfect tribute to our friend's memory, I should feel more regret for its deficiencies if I were not sure that to those who knew him well no commendation was necessary, and still more, that there are others to follow me who will more than supply what I have failed adequately to present.

**THE CHAIRMAN:** One characteristic of Mr. Bartlett I think we must all have noticed, if brought in contact with him, was his great modesty and willingness to receive a suggestion in the lines in which he was a great expert from anybody who might be able to furnish him information.

There was also another side to his character beside the literary,—he was a sportsman — a fine fly-rod trout fisher. I remember his telling with much glee how, going to Waverley Oaks and fishing in Waverley Brook, which had long been believed to have been thoroughly fished out, he caught and landed a nice two-pound trout. He also had the record of catching the largest trout landed in modern days, that is, in the last sixty or seventy years, in the White Mountains at Jackson Falls. He had the length of the trout measured on his fishing rod, which some of us have seen, and as to weight of that fish I hardly dare now to state the number of pounds, but I recall there was a six in it. That is very large for a brook trout, but such is one's recollection of fish.

It is always a delight to hear the next speaker, who is going to talk to us. One of the privileges of living in Cambridge is that we can hear from time to time Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

#### - ADDRESS OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

FELLOW MEMBERS OF THIS ASSOCIATION,—to whom our friend here, the speaker of the evening, should be added as an honorary member, I think,—I have heard with the greatest interest what has been said, and I am very much struck with his keenness of recognition as to some of the very points of which I have ventured to speak in writing about Mr. Holmes and Mr. Bartlett. Yet we are uninformed about one or two things of which I should like very much to have heard more in Bartlett's case, such as his experience during his naval life. He was nearly a year, I think, on board a naval vessel during the war. He went out in an official capacity as paymaster, and I do not know whether he has left any record of it—I am not aware of it myself.

It would have been very interesting to see an account of such an entire transfer of life as his was under these circumstances, for he was certainly at all times of his life, and almost more in his age than in his youth, one of the best raconteurs I have known. Stories

lost nothing in his hands. He remembered, as was said by the speaker of the evening, until later years with a readiness and precision that was absolutely humiliating to those who were some years younger. I never was made to feel that his stories grew with time. You could hear them at intervals of a year and they would be no longer at the end than they were at the beginning. He had a delicate humor and extraordinary delineation. I have also had the honor of having had in my hands that marvellous book of the record of his reading. I think I never encountered its equal, and in view of the fact that a large part of his life was spent in active and sometimes complicated business relations, it was all the more extraordinary.

I wrote at one time in a book — I find it always safe to quote one's own books, for in spite of the kindness of friends one seldom finds his quotations recognized — this I wrote: —

“There are books in the English language so vast that the ordinary reader recoils before their text and their footnotes. Such, for instance, is Gibbon's ‘Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,’ containing substantially the history of the whole world for thirteen centuries. When that author dismissed the last page of his task, on June 27, 1787, in the historic garden at Geneva, having arranged that it was to appear before the public at once in four different languages, is it not possible that he may have felt some natural misgiving as to whether any one person would ever read the whole of it? We know him to have predicted that Fielding's ‘Tom Jones’ would outlast the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of Austria, but he recorded no similar claim for his own work. The statesman, Fox, to be sure, pronounced Gibbon's book to be ‘immortal,’ simply because, as he said, no man in the world could do without it; and Sheridan added, with undue levity, that if not luminous it was at least voluminous. But modern readers, as a rule, consult it; they do not read it. It is, at best, a tool-chest.

“Yet there lies before me what is, perhaps, the most remarkable manuscript catalogue of books read that can be found in the English-speaking world, this being the work of Bartlett at eighty-three, who began life by reading a verse of the Bible aloud to his mother when three years old, had gone through the whole of it by the time he was nine, and then went on to grapple with all the rest of literature, upon which he is still at work.

" His vast catalogue of books read begins with 1837, and continues up to the present day, thus covering much more than half a century, a course of reading not yet finished, and in which Gibbon is but an incident. One finds, for instance, at intervals such items as these :

" 'Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," read twice between 1856 and 1894; Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" third reading, 1895; Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," vols. 1 and 2, fourth reading; ' followed soon after by 'Gibbon, vols. 3-6, fourth reading; Gibbon, vols. 7-8, fourth reading.' What are a thousand readings of 'Tom Jones' compared with a series of feats like this? And there is a certain satisfaction to those who find themselves staggered by the contemplation of such labor, when they read elsewhere on the list the recorded confession that this man of wonderful toil occasionally stooped so far as cheerfully to include 'That Frenchman,' and 'Mr. Barnes of New York.' "

There are other things which I have written about John Bartlett at different times, and one especially in the *Nation* not long after his death, and I would venture to quote from this,—

" There came, however, an event in Bartlett's life which put an end to all direct labors, when his wife and co-worker began to lose her mental clearness, and all this joint task had presently to be laid aside. For a time he tried to continue his work unaided; and she, with unwearied patience and gentleness, would sit quietly beside him without interference. But the malady increased, until she passed into that melancholy condition described so powerfully by his neighbor and intimate friend, James Russell Lowell — though drawing from a different example — in his poem of 'The Darkened Mind,' one of the most impressive, I think, of his poems. While Bartlett still continued his habit of reading, the writing had to be surrendered. His eyesight being ere long affected, the reading also was abandoned, and after his wife's death he lived for a year or two one of the loneliest of lives. He grew physically lame, and could scarcely cross the room unaided. A nervous trouble in the head left him able to employ a reader less and less frequently, and finally not at all. In a large and homelike room, containing one of the most charming private libraries in Cambridge — the books being beautifully bound and lighting up the walls instead of darkening them — he spent most of the day reclining on the sofa,

externally unemployed, simply because employment was impossible. He had occasional visitors, and four of his old friends formed what they called a 'Bartlett Club,' and met at his house one evening in every week." [It is possible we may have a representative of this group here; I wish we might have.] "Sometimes days passed, however, without his receiving a visitor, he living alone in a room once gay with the whist-parties which he and Lowell had formerly organized and carried on.

"His cheerful courage, however, was absolutely unbroken, and he met every casual guest with a look of sunshine. His voice and manner, always animated and cheerful, remained the same. He had an inexhaustible store of anecdotes and reminiscences, and could fill the hour with talk without showing exhaustion. Seldom going out of the house, unable to take more than very short drives, he dwelt absolutely in the past, remembered the ways and deeds of all Cambridge and Boston literary men, spoke genially of all and with malice of none. He had an endless fund of good stories of personal experience. Were one to speak to him, for instance, of Edward Everett, well known for the elaboration with which he prepared his addresses, Bartlett would instantly recall how Everett once came into his bookstore in search of a small pocket Bible to be produced dramatically before a rural audience in a lecture; but in this case finding none small enough chose a copy of Hoyle's 'Games' instead, which was produced with due impressiveness when the time came. Then he would describe the same Edward Everett whom he once called upon and found busy in drilling a few Revolutionary soldiers who were to be on the platform during Everett's famous Concord oration, and whom he drilled first to stand up and be admired at a certain point of the oration and then to sit down again, by signal, that the audience might rather rise in their honor. Unfortunately, one man, who was totally deaf, forgot the instructions and absolutely refused to sit down, because the 'squire' had told him to stand up. In a similar way, Bartlett's unimpaired memory held the whole circle of eminent men among whom he had grown up from youth, and a casual visitor might infer from his cheery manner that these comrades had just left the room. During his last illness, mind and memory seemed equally unclouded until the very end, and almost the last words he spoke were a caution to his faithful nurse not to forget to pay the small

sum due to a man who had been at work on his driveway, he naming the precise sum due in dollars and cents.

"He died on the morning of December 3, 1905, aged 85. Was his career, after all, more to be pitied or envied? He lived a life of prolonged and happy labor among the very choicest gems of human thought, and died with patient fortitude after all visible human joys had long been laid aside."

**THE CHAIRMAN:** Colonel Higginson has referred to the "Bartlett Club," and has explained his wish that we might have a member of this "Bartlett Club" here. Fortunately we have Mr. Woodward Emery to tell us about the "Bartlett Club," why it was organized, what it has done, and I trust also about his own share in it as well as what the other members did.

#### ADDRESS OF WOODWARD EMERY

I HAVE been asked to say a few words to-night in memory of John Bartlett.

I propose to speak of him as a friend and neighbor. We lived in the same neighborhood for more than a quarter of a century, during which time we became better and better acquainted until within the past decade I have enjoyed his intimate friendship.

You all know him to have been a man of rare parts, possessing so many of the excellencies of human nature as to entitle him to high rank among his fellowmen. His pure friendliness is a characteristic all will easily recognize. It was almost as wide as his human sympathy, which though intelligently restrained responded to all misfortune. It gave him that touch of nature which made him kin to all. I recall his telling of the interest he ever had in the College students in the old days of his bookstore in Harvard Square; how he encouraged them in their taste for books and allowed them to carry away whatever they fancied, but he said they always came back and paid for what they had taken. His generous and sympathetic treatment evidently made them feel that they had incurred a debt of honor.

At request he once signed the College bond of a young stranger from the south, who later came, having been at College about a year and a half, and deposited the amount of the bond. Shortly thereafter the youth disappeared, leaving unnumbered debts behind, but his trusting bondsman was secured. He understood their natures!

His sense of humor was keen and his wit responsive and unfailing, which when linked to his prodigious memory lent a brilliancy to his conversation rarely equalled. He had met and known the keen wits and sparkling intellects of his day and generation, and many an anecdote of interesting personality, which enlivened an hour of intercourse, can never again be told in his inimitable way. He possessed the rare faculty in a story-teller of seldom if ever repeating his stories; which in one whose conversation was replete with anecdote and reminiscence was remarkable.

His tastes and fancies were with books, his business was with books and the making of books, and this brought him in contact with the bookish class. He was a painstaking, untiring student, one who if not a creator himself made familiar to all the beauties of the greatest creators, and the readers of Shakespeare his debtors for all time.

But withal he loved things outside the library. The recreations of a man form part of his character and a knowledge of them helps in our estimate and appreciation of him. When, therefore, we think of Mr. Bartlett as an ardent fisherman, a lover of the game of whist, and a fine chess player, we feel that a strong side-light is thrown upon his life. He loved the old-fashioned game of whist and he played it well, as I know from many an evening's contest as his opponent. Every winter for thirty years he, James Russell Lowell, John Holmes, and Charles F. Choate played an evening a week together, except while Mr. Lowell was absent as foreign ambassador.

His game of chess was ingenious, original, and aggressive, and he played it, as he did most things, with superior skill.

A man's estimate and appreciation of the gentler sex is a safe measure of the delicacy and quality of his nature, and that Mr. Bartlett held women in the highest esteem his many contributions to their happiness and pleasure give testimony. His attitude toward them was distinguished by a tender, respectful graciousness of

manner mingled with a sprightly cordiality, and he enjoyed their society.

He was a keen sportsman in his love of angling, a disciple of Sir Izaak, of whose works he made a collection, and had, I believe, a copy of every edition of "The Compleat Angler," which he ultimately gave to Harvard. He was a small man in stature, as you all know, and not especially vigorous or hardy looking, and yet, as he told me, he has carried his fishing gear up the stream of a March morning encumbered with rubber-boots and a long, thick ulster over heavy clothing, and fished all day, walking many miles and returning at night astonished at his freedom from fatigue, and ready to perform the selfsame feat the next day,—all for love of the sport.

You remember the lines of Lowell in acknowledgment of the receipt of a seven-pound trout, and will forgive me for reciting a single stanza singularly fitting at the present moment:

"And when they come his deeds to weigh,  
    And how he used the talents his,  
One troutscale in the scale will lay  
    (If trout had scales) O' t will outweigh  
The wrong side of the balances."

For years thereafter a trout found its way to the songster, and a witty acknowledgment followed hard upon.

Whatever he did was done *con amore* and in response to a spontaneity which lasted to the end. A playful mental energy which seemed never to tire kept company with his daily doings. He once told me he never felt despondent or downhearted. Certainly, cheerfulness was a pronounced characteristic which led to a hopeful outcome, and was an ever-present help in time of need, both to his business associates and in domestic affliction.

"Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded way  
    Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day!"

His reading was desultory and somewhat wide in and among histories, both ancient and modern, biographies, poems, and dramas — the English classics yielding, I think, the largest field of pleasure. The same spirit of thoroughness and certitude which gave him success in business led him to keep a record of the books

he read, some of which, like Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," he read many times. His capacious and ready memory drew from this store, as well as from the intercourse of friendly relationship during a long life, in the pleasant talks of his latter days, when loss of eyesight prevented farther enjoyment of his favorite pastime. In this, perhaps, he suffered a less calamity than most, in that his memory was stored with the reading which had absorbed an average of ten hours a day for nearly fifty years.

As a story-teller he was unrivaled, and always capped another's story by something it reminded him of, and then capped his own with a rejoinder. It was marvellous to realize how much of the experiences of life among all sorts of men he had passed through in the somewhat narrow sphere of his daily living and how much of their flavor he had brought away with him. He never tired in referring to the spontaneous wit of his late friend, Mr. John Holmes, from whom he said mirth and wit bubbled almost without conscious thought, so that in repeating to him something he had just previously said it would appear as a new idea and take on unremembered point.

He had wit to perceive and language to express, and yet his tongue never gave vent to envenomed speech. He could be scathing, but there was a mixture of gentleness with it which showed the tenderness of his heart. He could not be unkind; it was too foreign to his nature. Not that he could be affronted with impunity,—far from it; his temper would rise to the situation, and the well-merited rebuke would pierce the toughest shell. While gentle, he was firm and brave. His service to his country in the Civil War showed there was no lack of courage in him.

In his estimates of his fellowmen he was not offensive in his differentiations; for all that, he had the proper prejudices of a gentleman, and did not fail to express them in choice and pointed language.

In politics he pursued a uniformly sensible and steady course, neither veering with the varying winds nor trying to catch at elusive phantoms, content to be a republican when national issues were at stake, and a non-partizan in municipal affairs. He fully performed his duties as a citizen, and made liberal contributions toward matters of public interest as well as to private charities. Indeed, all his life he was a generous giver to those persons and

causes which he believed had a right to appeal to him for assistance. Such natures as his tie knots in friendship which never are unloosed.

“Friendship! Mysterious cement of the soul!  
Sweetener of life! and solder of society!”

His industry was untiring, as his great works, “Familiar Quotations” and the Shakesperian Concordance testify; but of the latter, I gather from what he has said to me, the labor would have been more than he could have given were it not for assiduous and devoted help from his beloved wife. Her care and cheerful aid in arranging the thousands of slips of quotations made that great work possible for him to accomplish.

One cannot think, and should not speak, of Mr. Bartlett without making reference to his wife. For over fifty years they lived happily together. The lack of children seemed to make them all the more dependent on each other—a loyal, happy, and united marriage, with an old-time halo of sacred love encircling it. It gave a tender loveliness to his loyal nature which only those about him could realize and appreciate. The lines of Jefferys, taken from the “Familiar Quotations,” could never be more appropriately applied:

“We have lived and loved together  
Through many changing years;  
We have shared each other’s gladness,  
And wept each other’s tears.”

A philosophic temperament, broadened by wide reading, gave depth to his religious feelings, which though never concealed were rarely expressed. I was deeply impressed by my last interview at his bedside, within twenty-four hours of his end, when, taking my hand and looking up with his wonderful gray, sympathetic eyes, he said with a smile, “I shall carry with me the memory of our pleasant meetings.” He was referring to the Bartlett Club, as three of us had dubbed ourselves in our visitations to him during the last year of his life, and while trying to carry cheer had received far more than was within the power of any or all of us to give.

The latest and pleasantest memories of Mr. Bartlett are associated with his home. On the sunny side of Brattle Street, nearly a generation ago, he built a house commodious and well suited to his

needs and tastes, environed by a well-kept rose garden and perfect lawn, which engaged to the last his attention and interest. I shall always love to recall him as he sat in his pleasant library surrounded by his books, which had been the cheery companions of his long life, attended by his devoted and faithful servants, and extending to his friends a cordial greeting and hearty welcome. The infirmities which limited his last days were rarely referred to, and the conversation was devoted to the scenes of his youth, the memories of the distinguished literary men whom he had known so well, and the books which he had read so often, and whose contents he could recall with so much accuracy and vividness.

How pleasing to picture him sitting amid his books, musing on the recollections suggested by them, breathing an atmosphere redolent of patient philosophy, and solacing himself with these fitting lines of Wordsworth:

“ What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind :  
In the primal sympathy  
Which having been must ever be ;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering ;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.”

## OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1905-1906

<i>President</i>	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE. ARCHIBALD M. HOWE.
<i>Secretary</i>	FRANK GAYLORD COOK.
<i>Treasurer</i>	OSCAR F. ALLEN.
<i>Curator</i>	WILLIAM R. THAYER.

*The Council.*

OSCAR F. ALLEN,	ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,	ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,	WILLIAM C. LANE,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,	ALICE M. LONGFELLOW,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,	ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
	WILLIAM R. THAYER.

**COMMITTEES APPOINTED BY THE COUNCIL****1905-1906***On the Early Roads and Topography of Cambridge.*

STEPHEN P. SHARPLES,  
EDWARD J. BRANDON,  
EDWARD R. COGSWELL.

*On the Collection of Autograph Letters of Distinguished Citizens of Cambridge.*

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,  
WILLIAM C. LANE,  
HENRY HERBERT EDES.

*On the Identification and Marking of Historic Sites in Cambridge.*

HOLLIS R. BAILEY,  
JOHN W. FREESE,  
WILLIAM W. DALLINGER.

*On the Collection of Oral Traditions and of Early Letters and other Documents of Citizens of Cambridge.*

CAROLINE L. PARSONS,  
ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,  
ELIZABETH E. DANA.

*On Sketches of Noted Citizens of Cambridge.*

ARTHUR GILMAN,  
STEPHEN P. SHARPLES,  
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI.

*On Making a Roll of Historical Documents concerning the Founding and the Early Years of Cambridge.*

ANDREW MC F. DAVIS,  
WILLIAM R. THAYER,  
JAMES ATKINS NOYES.

*On a Seal for the Society.*

FRANK GAYLORD COOK,                            HOLLIS R. BAILEY,  
     F. APTHORP FOSTER.

*On Auditing the Accounts of the Treasurer.*

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS.

*On Publication.*

FRANK GAYLORD COOK,                            WILLIAM C. LANE,  
     JOHN T. G. NICHOLS.

*On the Celebration of the Two Hundred and Seventy-fifth Anniversary  
of the Founding of Cambridge.*

FRANK GAYLORD COOK,                            HOLLIS R. BAILEY,  
     HENRY HERBERT EDES.

*On the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of  
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, *Chairman.*

FRANK A. ALLEN,	ELIZABETH HARRIS HOUGHTON,
JAMES BARR AMES,	AGNES IRWIN,
CLARENCE W. AYER,	WILLIAM JAMES,
SAMUEL F. BATCHELDER,	WILLIAM C. LANE,
WILLIAM C. BATES,	ERASMUS D. LEAVITT,
STOUGHTON BELL,	MARY T. MCINTIRE,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,	ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
GEORGE H. BROWNE,	EDWARD J. MORIARTY,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,	BLISS PERRY,
GEORGE HOWLAND COX,	EDWARD C. PICKERING,
ANDREW MCF. DAVIS,	WILLIAM TAGGARD PIPER,
CHARLES W. ELIOT,	JOHN READ,
LILIAN H. FARLOW,	GRACE O. SCUDDER,
ARTHUR GILMAN,	STEPHEN THACHER,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,	THOMAS B. TICKNOR,
EDWIN B. HALE,	BENJAMIN VAUGHAN,
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,	HENRY P. WALCOTT,
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,	JOSEPH B. WARNER,
GEORGE HODGES,	HENRY D. YERXA.

## REGULAR MEMBERS

ABBOT, MARION S.	BROCK, ADAH L. C.
ABBOTT, CARRIE F.	BROOKS, L. EDNA
ABBOTT, EDWARD	BROWN, JOHN GREENWOOD
ALLEN, FLORA V.	BULFINCH, ELLEN S.
ALLEN, FRANK A.	
ALLEN, OSCAR F.	CHAMPLIN, KATHERINE E.
ALLISON, CARRIE J.	CLARK, ELIZABETH H.
ALLISON, SUSAN CARLYLE	CLARKE, ELLEN DUDLEY
AMES, JAMES BARR	CLARKE, GEORGE KUHN
AUBIN, HELEN WARNER	COES, MARY
AUBIN, MARGARET H.	COGSWELL, EDWARD R.
AYER, CLARENCE W.	COGSWELL, FRANCIS
	COOK, FRANK GAYLORD
BAILEY, HOLLIS RUSSELL	COX, GEORGE HOWLAND
BAILEY, MARY PERSIS	CROCKER, JOHN M.
BANCROFT, WILLIAM AMOS	CUTTER, WATSON GRANT
§BARKER, EDWARD T.	
BARNARD, CLARA EVERETT	DALLINGER, WILLIAM W.
BATCHELDER, CHARLES FOSTER	DANA, EDITH LONGFELLOW
BATCHELDER, LAURA P.	DANA, ELIZABETH ELLERY
BATCHELDER, SAMUEL F.	DANA, RICHARD HENRY
BATCHELOR, GEORGE	DAVIS, ANDREW McF.
BATCHELOR, PRISCILLA C.	DAVIS, ELEANOR W.
BEALE, JOSEPH HENRY, JR.	DEANE, MARY H.
BELL, STOUGHTON	DRESSER, CELINA L.
BLAKE, J. HENRY	
BLISH, ARIADNE	EDES, GRACE WILLIAMSON
BÔCHER, MADELEINE	EDES, HENRY HERBERT
BOUTON, ELIZA J. N.	ELIOT, CHARLES W.
BRADBURY, MARGARET J.	ELIOT, GRACE H.
BRADBURY, WILLIAM F.	ELIOT, SAMUEL A.
BRANDON, EDWARD J.	

§ Resigned.

- ELLIS, HELEN PEIRCE
- EVARTS, PRESCOTT
- FESSENDEN, MARION BROWN
- FOOTE, MARY B.
- FOSTER, FRANCIS APTHORP
- FOX, JABEZ
- FOXCROFT, FRANK
- FRESEE, JOHN W.
- GAMWELL, EDWARD F.
- GILMAN, ARTHUR
- GOODWIN, AMELIA M.
- GOZZALDI, MARY ISABELLA
- HALE, EDWIN B.
- HALL, EDWARD H.
- HANNUM, LEANDER M.
- HARRIS, CHARLES
- HARRIS, ELIZABETH
- HARRIS, SARAH E.
- HART, ALBERT BUSHNELL
- HASKINS, DAVID GREENE, JR.
- HIGGINSON, MARY THACHER
- HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH
- HILDRETH, JOHN L.
- HILL, F. STANHOPE
- HODGES, GEORGE
- HOOPES, WILFORD L.
- HOPPIN, ELIZA MASON
- HORSFORD, KATHARINE
- HOUGHTON, ALBERTA M.
- HOUGHTON, ELIZABETH HARRIS
- HOUGHTON, ROSEYSSE G.
- HOWE, ARCHIBALD M.
- HOWE, ARRIA S. D.
- HOWE, CLARA
- HUBBARD, PHINEAS
- HULING, RAY GREENE
- JAGGAR, THOMAS AUGUSTUS
- KERSHAW, FRANCIS STEWART
- KERSHAW, JUSTINE HOUGHTON
- KIERNAN, THOMAS J.
- LAMB, HARRIET F.
- LANE, WILLIAM C.
- LANSING, MARION FLORENCE
- LEAVITT, ERASmus D.
- LONGFELLOW, ALICE M.
- MARCOU, PHILIPPE BELKNAP
- MATHER, WINIFRED
- McDUFFIE, JOHN
- MCINTIRE, CHARLES J.
- McKENZIE, ALEXANDER
- MITCHELL, EMMA M.
- MORISON, ANNE T.
- MORISON, ROBERT S.
- MYERS, JAMES J.
- NICHOLS, JOHN T. G.
- NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT
- NORTON, GRACE
- NOYES, JAMES ATKINS
- PAIN, JAMES L.
- PAIN, MARY WOOLSON
- PARKE, HENRY C., JR.
- PARKER, HENRY A.
- PARSONS, CAROLINE LOUISA
- PEABODY, CAROLINE E.
- PEARSON, LEGH RICHMOND
- \*PEIRCE, JAMES MILLS
- PERRIN, FRANKLIN
- PERRIN, LOUISA C.
- PICKERING, LIZZIE SPARKS
- PIPER, WILLIAM TAGGARD
- POPE, CHARLES HENRY
- RAND, HARRY SEATON
- READ, ANNA M.
- READ, ELISE WELCH

\* Deceased.

READ, JOHN	THAYER, WILLIAM R.
READ, WILLIAM	THORP, JOSEPH G.
REARDON, EDMUND	TICKNOR, FLORENCE
REID, WILLIAM B.	TICKNOR, THOMAS B.
ROCKWELL, ALICE TUFTS	TILLINGHAST, WILLIAM H.
ROCKWELL, J. ARNOLD	TOPPAN, SARAH M.
ROLFE, WILLIAM J.	TOWER, CHARLES B.
ROPES, JAMES HARDY	VAUGHAN, ANNA H.
RUSSELL, ETTA LOIS	VAUGHAN, BENJAMIN
SAUNDERS, CARRIE H.	WALCOTT, ANNA M.
SAUNDERS, GEORGE S.	WARE, THORNTON M.
SAUNDERS, HERBERT A.	WENTWORTH, ANNIE LOUISE L.
SAWYER, DORA WENTWORTH	WENTWORTH, WILLIAM HALL
SAWYER, GEORGE A.	WESSELHOEFT, MARY A.
SAWYER, GEORGE C.	WESSELHOEFT, WALTER
SCUDDER, GRACE O.	WESTON, ANSTIS
SEAGRAVE, C. BURNSIDE	WESTON, ROBERT DICKSON
SEVER, MARHTA	WHITE, EMMA E.
SEVER, MARY C.	WHITE, MOSES P.
SHARPLES, STEPHEN P.	WHITTEMORE, ISABELLA STEWART
SHEA, JAMES E.	WHITTEMORE, WILLIAM RICHARDSON
SHEFFIELD, MARY GERTRUDE	WILLARD, SUSANNA
SIBLEY, BERTHA	WILLIAMS, OLIVE SWAN
SIBLEY, HENRY C.	WINLOCK, MARY PEYTON
SMITH, EMMA G.	WINSOR, CAROLINE T.
SORTWELL, ALVIN F.	WORCESTER, SARAH ALICE
STEARNS, GENEVIEVE	WRIGHT, GEORGE G.
STORER, SARAH FRANCES	WRIGHT, PAMELIA KEITH
SWAN, SARAH H.	WRIGHT, THEODORE F.
TAFT, CHARLES H.	WYMAN, CAROLINE K.
TAFT, EMILY H.	WYMAN, MARGARET C.
TAYLOR, FREDERIC W.	YERXA, HENRY D.

## ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

DAVENPORT, BENNETT F.

WILLARD, JOSEPH

## THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## AGREEMENT OF ASSOCIATION

WE, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do, by this agreement, associate ourselves with the intention to constitute a corporation according to the provisions of the one hundred and twenty-fifth chapter of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the Acts in amendment thereof and in addition thereto.

The name by which the Corporation shall be known is The Cambridge Historical Society.

The Corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

The place within which the Corporation is established or located is the City of Cambridge within said Commonwealth.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this Nineteenth day of April in the year nineteen hundred and five.

CHARLES W. ELIOT

HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY

GRACE H. ELIOT

FRANK GAYLORD COOK

MARY THACHER HIGGINSON

GEORGE S. SAUNDERS

STEPHEN P. SHARPLES

ARCHIBALD M. HOWE

ELIZA J. N. BOUTON

JOHN L. HILDRETH

ALICE M. LONGFELLOW

JOSEPH G. THORP

ELIZABETH E. DANA

Wm. W. DALLINGER

GRACE WILLIAMSON EDES

FRANCIS COGSWELL

MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI

EDWARD J. BRANDON

WILLIAM C. LANE

EDWARD T. BARKER

EDWARD ABBOTT	JAMES ATKINS NOYES
MARY PERSIS BAILEY	HENRY HERBERT EDES
LEGH RICHMOND PEARSON	OSCAR F. ALLEN
RICHARD H. DANA	EDWARD R. COGSWELL
AUTHUR GILMAN	JOHN T. G. NICHOLS
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE	GEORGE HODGES
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON	SUSANNA WILLARD
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON	GRACE NORTON
WM. R. THAYER	DAVID G. HASKINS, JR.
EDWIN B. HALE	ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
WILLIAM READ	EDWARD H. HALL
ANNA M. READ	CAROLINE LOUISA PARSONS
CAROLINE K. WYMAN	S. FRANCES STORER
JOHN W. FRESEE	FRANKLIN PERRIN
ANDREW McF. DAVIS	LOUISA C. PERRIN

All the foregoing being residents of said Cambridge.

#### NOTICE OF FIRST MEETING OF THE SUBSCRIBERS.

To

You are hereby notified that the first meeting of the subscribers to an agreement to associate themselves with the intention of forming a corporation to be known by the name of The Cambridge Historical Society, dated April 19, A. D. 1905, for the purpose of organizing said corporation by the adoption of by-laws and election of officers and directors and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held on Saturday the seventeenth day of June, A. D. 1905, at eight o'clock P. M., at Cambridge Social Union, 42 Brattle Street, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

RICHARD H. DANA.  
 HOLLIS R. BAILEY.  
 FRANK GAYLORD COOK.  
*Three of the subscribers to said agreement.*

Dated June 8, 1905.

SUFFOLK ss.

JUNE 18, 1905.

We certify that we have served the foregoing notice upon each of the subscribers by copy served as follows: deposited in the post-office post-paid addressed to each at his place of residence seven days at least before the day fixed for the first meeting.

RICHARD H. DANA.  
HOLLIS R. BAILEY.  
FRANK GAYLORD COOK.

SUFFOLK ss.

JUNE 18, 1905.

Subscribed and sworn to  
Before me,

CHARLES E. SHATTUCK,  
*Justice of the Peace.*

## CHARTER

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### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

**Be it Known,** That whereas Charles W. Eliot, Grace H. Eliot, Mary Thacher Higginson, Stephen P. Sharples, Eliza J. N. Bouton, Alice M. Longfellow, Elizabeth E. Dana, Grace Williamson Edes, Mary Isabella Gozzaldi, William C. Lane, Edward Abbott, Mary Persis Bailey, Legh Richmond Pearson, George S. Saunders, Archibald M. Howe, Joseph G. Thorp, Francis Cogswell, Edward T. Barker, Henry H. Edes, Edward R. Cogswell, George Hodges, Grace Norton, Albert Bushnell Hart, Caroline Louisa Parsons, Franklin Perrin, Richard H. Dana, Arthur Gilman, Alexander McKenzie, Charles Eliot Norton, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William R. Thayer, Edwin B. Hale, William Read, Anna M. Read, Caroline K. Wyman, John W. Freese, Andrew McF. Davis, Hollis Russell Bailey, Frank Gaylord Cook, John L. Hildreth, William W. Dallinger, Edward J. Brandon, James Atkins Noyes, Oscar F. Allen, John T. G. Nichols, Susanna Willard, David G. Haskins, Jr., Edward H. Hall, S. Frances Storer, and Louisa C. Perrin have associated themselves with the intention of forming a corporation under the name of

#### THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

for the purpose of collecting and preserving books, manuscripts, and other memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth, and have complied with the provisions of the Statutes of this Commonwealth in such case made and provided, as appears from the certificate of the President, Treasurer, Secretary, and Council, having the powers of Directors, of said corporation, duly approved by the Commissioner of Corporations and recorded in this office:

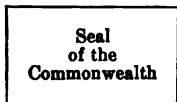
**Now therefore,** I, William M. Olin, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do hereby certify that said Charles W. Eliot, Grace H. Eliot, Mary Thacher Higginson, Stephen P. Sharples, Eliza J.

N. Bouton, Alice M. Longfellow, Elizabeth E. Dana, Grace Williamson Edes, Mary Isabella Gozzaldi, William C. Lane, Edward Abbott, Mary Persis Bailey, Legh Richmond Pearson, George S. Saunders, Archibald M. Howe, Joseph G. Thorp, Francis Cogswell, Edward T. Barker, Henry H. Edes, Edward R. Cogswell, George Hodges, Grace Norton, Albert Bushnell Hart, Caroline Louisa Parsons, Franklin Perrin, Richard H. Dana, Arthur Gilman, Alexander Mc Kenzie, Charles Eliot Norton, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William R. Thayer, Edwin B. Hale, William Read, Anna M. Read, Caroline K. Wyman, John W. Freese, Andrew Mc F. Davis, Hollis Russell Bailey, Frank Gaylord Cook, John L. Hildreth, William W. Dallinger, Edward J. Brandon, James Atkins Noyes, Oscar F. Allen, John T. G. Nichols, Susanna Willard, David G. Haskins, Jr., Edward H. Hall, S. Frances Storer, and Louisa C. Perrin, their associates and successors, are legally organized and established as, and are hereby made, an existing corporation under the name of

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

with the powers, rights, and privileges, and subject to the limitations, duties, and restrictions, which by law appertain thereto.

~~Witness~~ my official signature hereunto subscribed, and the Great Seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereunto affixed, this twenty-fourth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and five.



WILLIAM M. OLIN

*Secretary of the Commonwealth*

## BY-LAWS

### I. CORPORATE NAME.

THE name of this corporation shall be "THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY."

### II. OBJECT.

The corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

### III. REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

Any resident of the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible for regular membership in this Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Persons so elected shall become members upon signing the By-Laws and paying the fees therein prescribed.

### IV. LIMIT OF REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

The regular membership of this Society shall be limited to two hundred.

### V. HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

Any person, nominated by the Council, may be elected an honorary member at any meeting of the Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Honorary members shall be exempt from paying any fees, shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

### VI. ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Any person not a resident, but either a native, or formerly a resident for at least five years, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible to

associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of one dollar each payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

#### VII. SEAL.

The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1905, a shield bearing a representation of the Daye Printing Press and crest of two books surmounted by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting-house of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister, and, underneath, a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent*.

#### VIII. OFFICERS.

The officers of this corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary with the powers of Clerk, a Treasurer, and a Curator, elected out of the Council by the Society. All the above officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

#### IX. DUTY OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-Presidents, respectively, in the order of their election.

#### X. DUTY OF SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give to each member of the Society written notice of its meetings. He shall also present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

**XI. DUTY OF TREASURER.**

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the accounts, of the corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it, and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of its funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society a bond, in amount and with sureties satisfactory to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited prior to the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

**XII. DUTY OF CURATOR.**

The Curator shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

**XIII. DUTY OF COUNCIL.**

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall arrange for its meetings, and shall present for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

**XIV. MEETINGS.**

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesdays of January, and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.

**XV. QUORUM.**

At meetings of the Society ten members, and at meetings of the Council five members, shall constitute a quorum.

**XVI. FEES.**

The fee of initiation shall be one dollar. There shall also be an annual assessment of two dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting.

XVII. RESIGNATION OF MEMBERSHIP.

All resignations of membership must be in writing, provided, however, that failure to pay the annual assessment within six months after the Annual Meeting may, in the discretion of the Council, be considered a resignation of membership.

XVIII. AMENDMENT OF BY-LAWS.

These By-Laws may be amended at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting, provided that the substance of the proposed amendment shall have been inserted in the call for such meeting.

E. & J. G.  
1/5/17















